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OVER JAPAN WAY

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OVER JAPAN WAY

BY

ALFRED M. HITCHCOCK

I shan't be gone long; you come too.
ROBERT FROST

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1917

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PREFACE

WHILE poking about a bookstore, not long ago, I chanced upon a Bibliography of Japan, a dust-covered book containing five hundred pages or more. So perhaps the volume you are now hesitating about reading is not the right one. Still, you might glance it through.

A. M. H.

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OVER JAPAN WAY

CHAPTER I

THE PACIFIC

It is a cold thing and unruly. Early September congeals into late November as the ship glides through the Golden Gate; and before the coast mountains are lost sight of, the waves have grown much larger than seems at all reasonable. By night time, the vessel is rolling uncomfortably, especially for the inlander consigned to a narrow sofa-berth, up and down which he makes frequent excursions, round trips with no stopover privileges. As he slides back and forth, and listens to the rising wind, he thinks of "stout Cortez"—no, it was Balboa who discovered the Pacific—and debates whether it would not have been better after all had the adventurer remained "speechless on a peak in Darien," or at least had gone quietly home and said never a word about his awful discovery.

But first impressions are of no permanent worth. Really the Pacific is not cold at all. That sudden chill was merely the fog which sweeps the coast. Forty-eight hours out from San Francisco, the shady side of the deck becomes popular. September

degenerates into July. After its first rough greeting, the Ocean is absurdly gentle. Waves for a time continue to raid the deck cargo. A pile of planks break their lashings and shoot madly about. Carboys of ammonia ranged in rows and tied neck to neck are routed and get beautifully smashed. The crew, coming to the rescue, are swept off their feet in water thigh deep. But there is no real storm. The captain says so. He is quite sure, and you note with pleasure that his teeth are not chattering, though possibly they are not the chatter kind, for his uppers overhang, walrus style. It is just a little blow, barely enough to drive passengers to staterooms and give the sailors opportunity to tidy up decks that have lost their sweetness while in port.

The boisterous Pacific we shall know no more, but a lazy, sultry Ocean, much too large, acres upon acres of blue, a great undulating disc circular to a fault, the steamship its too exact center. There are no strange craft to wonder about, no fish save a few silvery fliers, not even seaweed enough to garnish a dish. The last gull disappears the third day out. There is merely the trail of black smoke to watch, and the petty rage of waves thrust out by the ponderous hull. That is all, with one grand exception: the sunset clouds—they and the big September moon. Even the salesman who electrifies the dinner table by confiding that his house "turns out more overalls than any other concern in the world" tarries

A junk is more picturesque than a steamship.

When on shipboard, one longs for mountains. There are plenty in Japan, but not all are so attractive as these of the Hakone region.

a moment on his way to the smoking-room and admits that the moon is "darn pretty."

The overalls king is not the only commercial spirit aboard; there are many sample-trunks below deck. Russia is out of everything. With half the world at war, now is the time to grab the market in China. Japan is near neighbor, but providentially she lacks raw materials. It's a national disgrace that we have no more ships on the Pacific. After you've sold your goods, you can't deliver 'em! There is much of this talk nightly in the smoking-room. The buyers, after teas, silks, furs, brushes, are a quieter set, and so too are the big boned men returning to business interests in the Philippines.

In contrast to the commercial group, though a wit might discover unsuspected parallels, are the missionaries, scores of them. The Pacific has long been preëminently ecclesiastic, though munition cargoes bound for Vladivostok threaten her good name, of late. A surprising number are young recruits, college bred men, lively, athletic. Their obviously recent brides are an attractive lot with stores of pretty gowns exquisitely out of harmony with missionary traditions. One young lady has brought along not a portable church organ but a mandolin, croons Southern melodies, and *what!* dances divinely. Episcopalian, of course, and from Baltimore. Between the missionaries and the commercial element may be found a thin, miscellaneous filling of

tourists and unclassified remnants—moving picture argonauts, a millionaire aviator, an Australian or two, and the few who never unfold their wings. They are very few, however, for getting acquainted on board a small Pacific liner is almost inevitable. The voyage by the southern route lasts sixteen or seventeen days, which is at least thirteen more than a normal being can hold his tongue. There are no hermit retreats; to be alone, one must crawl into his trunk.

The journey of 5545 miles has but one break. After six days of monotonous blue, there appears on the horizon a black line hardly distinguishable from low-lying clouds. Slowly it grows into a mountainous tract climbing up to mist hidden heights. It is the first of the "loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean." A new thrill is experienced when a fellow traveler points to the island on which is the leper settlement known to all the world through Stevenson's wrathful defence of Father Damien. Meanwhile Oahu has been picked up. It is late afternoon as we approach Diamond Head, and the bold cliffs, half seen through the gathering haze, are romantically beautiful. It is but a brief vision of mountains rising abruptly out of the sea, with here and there the suggestion of gorge or ravine, or narrow fringe of sandy beach, soon shut out. When at length the ship drops anchor in Honolulu harbor, nothing is visible but

thousands of lights, most of them near the water's level, though a few sparks appear high up on the mountain slopes which guard the city.

It is remarkable how much may be crowded into twenty hours of shore-leave. When all come flocking aboard, the following afternoon, each with at least a pineapple, a wreath of flowers, and a supply of picture postals by way of hastily snatched booty, and the ship creeps away from the crowded dock where the dusky Salvation Army band is playing, and a score of boys, half fish, swim about, their cheeks bulging with coins that have been thrown from the deck, there is general agreement that it has been a Marathon. Marvelous tales are told of Chinatown and the Japanese quarters; of the most wonderful aquarium in all the world; of drives through streets beautiful with flowering trees, or up the winding pass to the historic Pali with its fine view of cliffs and ragged ridges at the foot of which lie terraced farms, with the beautiful sea beyond; of dinner at the big hotel from whose windows one watches hundreds of natives skimming about in strange shaped canoes or speeding shoreward on surf-boards. Honors for doing the unusual are divided between the party of young men who started at midnight on a forty mile motor trip in inky darkness, going they cared not where, and the stout gentleman who went to a hotel and slept for twelve hours in a real bed that did not rock.

For a time the ship follows the mountainous coast; then night shuts in, and there will be no more land till Japan, 3,445 miles to the northwest, lifts above the horizon. The narrow round of deck activities begins again, but with waning interest, the swimming tank alone retaining popularity. It is very sultry. Whatever of novelty the sea voyage once possessed has worn away. As a last resort books are brought forth from trunk bottoms, especially books about Japan.

First we look at the map. A mere wisp of a realm, Japan appears to be, festooned like so much seaweed along the coast of Asia. Translated into statistics, however, it makes a creditable showing. For example, the festoons cover a range of about two thousand miles, and include between three and four thousand islands, beginning with the most northern of the Kuriles a little south of Kamchatka and ending at the southernmost tip of Formosa. Swing them over to the eastern coast of America without change of latitude and they would extend from Newfoundland to the West Indies. May such a swing never be made. Some of the islands, it is true, are mainly seacoast; but between the Kurile group—mere dots on the map—and the Loochoo group—more dots—are four large islands constituting Japan proper, and beyond the Loochoo archipelago lies Formosa (14,000 sq. m.), besides which there is the southern half of Saghalien (20,000 sq. m.) lying

Half a century ago the feudal system prevailed in Japan. The castle at Nagoya is perhaps the finest of the few still standing.

Harvest festival ceremony before a Shinto shrine.

near the Siberian coast. Finally there is Korea (85,000 sq. m.), and the territory acquired in the present war, making in all about 250,000 square miles, a total, by the way, seventy-five per cent. greater than it was before the conflicts with China and Russia. It is, then, a sizable realm, though none too large for an estimated population of between seventy and eighty millions, since it is about eighty-five per cent. mountains. There are mountains everywhere. Thirty or more peaks are over 8,000 feet high, thirteen over 10,000. Fuji is 12,387, and Mt. Morrison in Formosa 13,020.

Thus far the statistics are in no way disquieting, though they put an end to fond dreams of seeing all Japan in three or four months. But as we read on, Pandora's box comes to mind. Item: two hundred volcanoes, fifty of which are more or less active, and the rest, we fear, not to be trusted. It is slim consolation to learn that when one of the three volcanic ranges is active, the others are likely to be quiet, and that volcanoes are but safety valves anyway, charms against earthquakes. Of earthquakes, 30,680 were recorded during the twenty-one years ending 1905, "not counting those minor vibrations which are felt only by delicate instruments." Ninety is the yearly average for Tokyo!

As if its purpose were to frighten away the boldest, the Year Book proceeds to tell of disastrous tidal waves, typhoons, and floods caused by swollen

mountain streams; then soothes the reader with an account of one thousand mineral springs, after which comes "Flora and Fauna." A realm extending through so many degrees of latitude has perforce, it is explained, a liberal assortment of climates, almost Arctic at one extreme and tropical at the other. Even Japan proper, which lies approximately between the latitude of the mouth of the Columbia river and that of the northernmost shore of the Gulf of California, presents a wide range, materially influenced by what corresponds to our Gulf Stream, the Black Current which sweeps the eastern coast, and by high mountain ranges. Hence the wide variety in plant and animal life. There are about four thousand species of plants (including several thousand varieties of chrysanthemums), and eighty species of mammals, thirty peculiar to Japan. Among the latter is the Japanese horse. That it is peculiar can be believed easily, we shall find later, after once looking at it. Birds (400 species), reptiles, amphibians, fish (1230 species), insects (20,000!) dragon flies, ants, butterflies—all have been carefully counted. To the lazy reader in a steamer chair the figures seem reasonable enough, though after living a few weeks in Japanese inns he will be inclined to think that the varieties of fish have been carelessly underestimated.

But at this point the sultry air and the cradle-like motion of the ship prove too much for the lone

tourist. The book slips from his hand and he dreams that he is strolling about on the topmost roof of a pagoda which wobbles with incipient earthquake, feeding chrysanthemums and dragon-flies to 1230 fish that swim gracefully about in the surrounding atmosphere. After all, what does it matter? To one who travels solely for pleasure, a careful preliminary study of guidebooks is not unlike slyly peeping at packages a day or two before Christmas.

The passengers agree, as the voyage nears its end, that the Pacific is not so bad after all. It was a good day's work Balboa did down in Darien. Yet few will deny that the ocean is much too wide and far from entertaining. There might be, to good advantage, several more Hawaiian groups scattered about, and the intervening depths planted to whale and other marine novelties. Perhaps the man of overalls is right; there should be many more ships plying between our country and Asiatic ports. But the Pacific moon is all right, and so are the sunset clouds: plumes fluffy white; prehistoric monsters that lazily change into still other monsters; sweet fern pastures, woodland glades through which run molten streams; slopes of heather beyond aery Loch Lomonds; broad bands blood red, rare shades of yellow and green, with always at last the duller tints, smoke-gray fading into black, and then the stars.

CHAPTER II

BREAKING IN

It is raining. Into the rain are vanishing all shipboard friends. I shall soon be alone on the crowded wharf, nothing familiar to look at but my baggage. The customs officials have glanced at it already and decided it would be a waste of time to inspect before giving each piece a chalk hieroglyphic. I am perfectly free to act at once on oft repeated advice not to waste a minute in Yokohama but put for Tokyo.

I look about for a cab. But evidently Yokohama is cabless; there is nothing in sight save rain and rikishas, plenty of each, the latter whirling away into the former. A crowd of rikisha men surround me, whereupon for the first time I begin to realize that after being a native for many years, I am now a mere foreigner, an ignorant immigrant. I really need a destination placard. What the men are saying sounds interesting but is unintelligible. My sole vocabulary of Japanese is one word, *ohaio*—or is it *dakota?* At any rate, it means *good morning*—or possibly it is *thank you;* the word was under complete control yesterday, but now that it is time to

Of the three vehicles here represented, the rikisha alone is common. A rikisha without a top is comparatively innocent.

The commonest view in Japan is the rice field. In planting time and harvest, everybody works, including father.

recite, memory becomes panicky. Neither *good morning* nor *thank you* seems applicable in the present crisis. I wish to say, "Gentlemen, I want to go at once to the Tokyo tram, taking with me these four pieces of luggage. How much will it cost? Kindly state terms in United States currency. And do not try to overcharge, sirs; the guidebooks say that such is your wicked practice." To save time, however, I compromise with "Tokyo tram," and they seem to understand perfectly, each seizing a piece of luggage and placing it in his vehicle. "No, no, no," I protest, "not five rikishas, please; two will suffice, one for baggage, one for me. This is not to be a street parade but simply a transfer."

Getting into a rikisha for the first time, especially if the top be up, is embarrassing. Should one back in between the shafts as if slowly retreating before some wild animal, and cautiously insert portions of himself one at a time, or charge face forward and head down, at the pyschological moment thinking spiral staircases, and trust to instinct? A flank attack seems unreasonable, and approach from the rear would necessitate a stepladder. Once in, by whatever method employed, you find yourself in a precarious half-reclining posture, likely to lose all that has been so heroically achieved, until the coolie lifts the shafts and off the two-wheeled baby carriage moves, seemingly at the speed of a hook and ladder brigade.

Through the little window in the front curtain come visions of sudden death in rapid succession. Pedestrians, rikishas, drays—the street is alive with traffic, and the bare-legged runner in dark blue blouse and mushroom hat seems to go faster and faster as the tangle becomes snarlier. You feel that the end is near, you see it. The starboard wheel will lock with yon dray's and at the same moment the port wheel will knock down that youngster with the close-cropped head. The runner will pitch head forward; you will be catapulted beyond, suffer concussion of the brain, and "come to" in a police station where tearful parents are waiting to demand thousands of yen for the loss of their only child, not a mere girl, but a son, recently adopted. By the time imagination has carried you thus far, dray, child, and disaster are far astern, and you begin all over again as a fresh catastrophe becomes imminent. It is strange that the Japan Year Book, which frankly records volcanoes, earthquakes, floods, and typhoons, says not a word about transportation.

At the tram station at last, safe, but hair grown grayer about the temples. I suspect that the rikisha men have charged double the legal rate but am spared the ignominy of knowing that this double has been quadrupled through my inability to distinguish between five sen pieces and twenty. They seem well satisfied and hasten away. A porter in

red cap and blue uniform, who understands a little English though he will not speak it, appropriates the luggage and assists in purchasing a ticket. Trunk and suitcase are carefully weighed, and I am given in exchange a slip of white tissue on which has been inscribed in a dashing hand a laundry bill legend. Stopping to secrete this, I look up just in time to see the rest of my belongings disappear on the back of the porter through a wicket gate. I hurry after, and, scouting through the crowd, overtake it in the last of four well-filled coaches. The porter waits cap in hand. I assume that ten sen will be sufficient. Apparently it is, for he bows and retires. The train starts; I am off for Tokyo.

It is but an eighteen mile run, taking less than an hour, through level seacoast country, much of it given up to rice fields and market gardens, with now and then a town of low-roofed houses. The gathering darkness soon shuts out the view. Of the little that has been seen, two things only will remain indelibly impressed, the first a brown-skinned laborer, naked save for loin cloth, wielding a heavy, adz-shaped hoe. Apparently he is impervious to weather and interested not a whit in the passing train. The second is a fine big manufacturing plant with black smoke rolling from its tall brick chimney. The man with the hoe, I assume, typifies old Japan, the factory typifies the new. Within the coach, also, the new and the old are in strange contrast;

but before the confused passenger has collected his wits sufficiently to make a sane inventory, the train has entered the suburbs of the capital city.

At the central terminal the coaches empty quickly. Following the example of others, I lift my bags through an open window into the hands of an expectant porter and say, reluctantly, "Rikisha." He understands, and by the time I have overtaken him at the main exit the dread thing is waiting. There has been an embarrassing delay at the wicket; though I think I remember perfectly the whereabouts of that diminutive wad of tissue—within a pocket or two, that is—I cannot immediately run down the railroad ticket, which must be surrendered at the gate or one remains on the platform for life. The tendency of tickets to secrete themselves at critical moments is a matter to which scientists have not given the attention it deserves.

"Hotel Central," I say in an easy, off hand manner on entering the rikisha, and am about to add "Tsukiji," the name of the district—districts are of more importance than streets, in Tokyo—when I am overtaken by a violent sneeze. Perhaps this was opportune. Tsukiji is as deceptive in its pronunciation as Tchoupitoulas; but a vocal sneeze, too sudden for suppression, is more than an approximation. The runner nods and away we go. It is better fun, this time, except at corners, where the shrill "*Ai! Ai!*" comes just in time to prevent a crash. How

easily the little man runs, ever at a uniform pace, slackening speed not even when wiping brow and neck with the cotton towel carried beneath his right hand on the shaft, near where the lantern is hooked. There is no breathing audible; the pneumatic tires are noiseless. It is ghostly.

But where is he taking me? Wide streets, narrow streets, narrower streets, alleys barely wide enough for a wheelbarrow, dark places and still darker—it suggests treachery, ambush. How easily it might be accomplished. A single upward toss of the shafts bowls me over. Confederates rush forth from their lurking place. In a jiffy I am robbed and left to grope my way to the American Embassy, there to start life anew with no wealth save that represented by a thin tissue slip, fortunately overlooked by the wicked highwaymen. But nothing of the kind shall occur without a desperate struggle. At the moment of attack I must act rapidly, fiercely—as fast as I can run, the direction to be determined by circumstances. They shall see. My camera and suitcase shall be abandoned. A camera is a nuisance anyway, and the suitcase can be replaced.

At this point, however, the rikisha turns into a wide thoroughfare, and in less than two minutes I step out at the door of an unmistakably clapboarded box of a hotel and am received by a most hospitable English landlord. It is done! I have broken into Japan at last, and after a substantial dinner and a

long sleep in a bed which seems ridiculously wide to one who for over two weeks has slept on a shelf the width of a parlor mantel, shall be ready to go forth and be conquered.

The Japanese believe in the open shop.

Street peddlers are common, but few carry such an assortment as this.

A typical room, completely furnished. Be seated, please.

CHAPTER III

EUROPEAN HOTELS AND JAPANESE INNS

HOTEL CENTRAL is an unpretentious, inexpensive affair, more like a boarding-house than an inn, where one meets minor legation attachés, commercial men in transit, a few missionaries, and fewer tourists. Its name implies that it is in the heart of Tokyo, but the heart is not centrally located; as a matter of fact, the Hotel is down by the river in the "Foreign Concession," agreeably quiet and sufficiently respectable. Much finer, larger, and correspondingly more expensive are the Seiyoken and the Imperial, the latter near Hibiya Park and other points of interest. At the Imperial one dresses for seven o'clock dinner, eats rhythmically to the strains of music, and has coffee near a big open fireplace if he so elects. It has many rooms, much larger than in most American hotels, and is very comfortable in a semi-oriental way, which includes much attention on the part of a small army of "boys," occasional visits from the Chinese tailor, and possibly an interview by a young reporter from the leading daily who writes you up—or down; it is all in Japanese and

you can't read even the headlines. In fact one receives a flattering amount of attention, soon feels quite at home, and takes considerable pleasure in mingling with people from all quarters of the globe, especially Russia, China, and Australia, even though he does not meet them all personally and could not converse with many of them anyhow. English is spoken at the office by extremely polite clerks, and the "boys" speak it also—with a difference. A million dollar structure is to take the place of the Imperial, it is said, as soon as plans are fully matured.

There are good European hotels in nearly all the large towns visited by tourists, in Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe, Nara, Nikko, Shimonoseki, etc., some of them nearly palatial. Several are under the same management as the Imperial Government Railways. Travelers generally seem to place at the top of the list the Grand in Yokohama; I vote for the Fujiya in Miyanoshita, but will frankly admit that the Kyoto Hotel has the largest rooms. The one first assigned me was so spacious that a rikisha would have been a convenience in going from the corridor door to the fireplace; and the bed was wide enough for an entire family. Later I was assigned a room larger still. A pleasing custom at the Kyoto, doubtless followed elsewhere too, is the decorating of one's table on the day of departure with an elaborate display of flowers, leaving barely room enough for viands, quite like a

funeral, in addition to which there is an abnormally large bouquet designed for the buttonhole. This flowery offering, where dainty maids are in attendance, is sometimes taken by the uninitiated as a token of deep affection. I once knew a young man—but that is a separate story.

The tourist who leaves the beaten track soon learns that the small European hotel is likely to prove a place of torture. When a Japanese cook attempts to make Japanese food taste European, the Eurasian result is melodramatic, the supreme pang coming with the cup of coffee, which tastes the way a self-confessed self-made man sometimes looks. It may be gazed at, thought about, stirred, talked to, but never should be taken internally. No, the native inn is far preferable. And yet one hesitates, mainly, no doubt, because the guidebooks warn so minutely of every possible inconvenience, and the humorist, with a fondness for exaggeration, has cartooned libelously what, after all, is a very simple, harmless institution. You put it off and put it off, till at last a town is reached where there is no European hotel; then it happens somewhat as follows:

You leave the train just as darkness is setting in—darkness and rain. According to official records, one is entitled to three pleasant days out of every five, but my impression is that there are at least five rainy days out of every three, a mathematical

impossibility anywhere beyond the barriers of the Mikado's wonderful realm. Into a rikisha you are packed and barricaded with luggage; into a second rikisha the guide is packed and likewise barricaded. The rain curtains are adjusted, the Japanese lanterns are hooked to the right shaft, lighted, and off the procession goes through streets that shine with reflected light, the American leading the way. In Japan, the guest goes first. Ten minutes of this, then a pause. It is an inn, the best in a town of 100,000 inhabitants. You prepare to dismount when word comes that the inn is full. Off the procession moves. Ten minutes more of *pat-pat-pat* through slithery thoroughfares, then the parade enters a narrow driveway or miniature court, and this time accommodations are assured.

The hotel office is very simple, merely a room raised a foot or so above the paved court. There is no door; the front is all door. There is no counter, no cigar case, no rack of time-tables, no leather upholstered chairs, no news-stand. The walls are not decorated with heavily framed pictures of hotels in Quebec and transatlantic steamships. There is practically nothing but the floor, a firepot, a smoke-box, a ledger or two, and the proprietor calmly seated like a Turk, who bows till his head nearly touches his knees.

The office is to the right of what might be called the main entrance, a sort of shallow platform with highly

polished surface, at the foot of which is a row of wooden shoes, neatly arranged. Here the servants, kneeling and bowing as before a pagan god, receive the guests, taking coats and luggage and almost insisting upon unlacing shoes and encasing the guestly feet in house slippers. Encasing is hardly the right word; the toes only are roofed over. For the Japanese guest, who wears a blue ankle-sock, hook-and-eyed at the side, with a private apartment for the big toe, the house sandal has no upper whatever and is kept on by a sort of wishbone-shaped cord which begins in front, slips between the big toe apartment and the four-toed tenement, and rejoins the sides of the sole beneath the instep.

A maid at last conducts you to your room, up one or two staircases, very steep, shiny, and without a banister, and along corridors equally shiny and with several turns in them. Japanese inns are mainly corridors, amazingly undifferentiated, where one easily loses his way. When hopelessly lost, it is expedient to keep traveling till a staircase appears, then descend and repeat the operation as often as may be necessary until there is no more descending possible—there are no cellars—when usually you land in the kitchen or the office; then at least you know where you are, even though you are not where you wish to be. Another method is to stand still and clap your hands, whereupon a maid comes shuffling up; you look confused and foolish, which she under-

stands, and leads you back to your room. But I anticipate.

You are in your room at last. It is spacious, a ten *tatami* affair. A *tatami* is a mat, about an inch thick and always three feet by six, bound at the edges with wide braid. The apartment opens upon a balcony which is enclosed by night, looking down into a narrow strip of garden. The front wall is made up of four panels, each the size of a tatami, with little six by eight panes of oiled paper. There is no lock. One side wall is also of sliding panels. No lock. The opposite side, bordering a passageway, is partly ground glass, partly rough plaster. At the rear are double alcoves or recesses, perhaps two feet deep. One raised two or three inches from the floor, the *tokomona*, contains a vase of flowers, the wall being decorated with a *kakemono* or hanging screen. The second alcove contains a little cupboard with sliding doors (Japan is largely a hingeless realm), with a woven kimono-basket and a writing-box. There is no other furniture save two cushions, no ornamentation save a Chinese legend, framed, over the front panels, which may mean "Buddha bless our home," but probably doesn't. Certainly there is very little to bless. But everything is spotlessly clean.

Enters, a maid, without knocking. No one knocks in Japan; the maid kneels and slides the panel noiselessly. She brings the firepot, a good-sized caldron two-thirds full of fire ashes combed up to a miniature

Fuji of glowing charcoal. This is placed in front of the cushions where you are trying to sit like a Japanese and yet look pleasant. It is difficult to do both at once. Exit maid, whereupon you get up and stretch your legs. Reënters maid. She is slowly furnishing the room. This time she brings a lacquered tray containing a tea-caddy, a tiny teapot, saucers, and a little jar for waste. An iron kettle is placed on a grid above Fuji and is soon steaming. The maid makes tea. On a second tray, comes a dish of sweet cakes, bean-hearted. Exit maid. You rise and stretch your legs. Then you experiment with the tea and cakes. They are good, especially the tea, which has no perceptible taste. Reënters maid bringing a kimono—and waits. It is your move.

Foreigners sometimes speak slightingly of the hotel kimono. Not of its material, evidently silk of fine grade, nor of its lack of warmth, for it is padded substantially. It is sure to fit reasonably well, for it is adjustable equatorially like a bath-robe; and should the garment trail a bit, the slack can be taken up by adopting a blouse effect above the sash. It is easy to walk in, and if one must sit on the floor with feet folded under, it certainly is more comfortable than any European garment. The real objection lies in the thought that many other prodigals have worn it before you—prodigals or saints—and that perhaps you are unworthy of donning what has been donned so often. You wonder whether it is compulsory, like

frock coat and top hat at the Mikado's garden parties, or merely elective. Then you notice that the cotton lining, a separate garment to be put on first, is undeniably sweet, fresh from the laundry, and that the maid waits. As she folds your clothes and packs them neatly into the kimono basket, you observe that she examines the suspenders with an eye full of pity. Exit maid.

Solitude at last. You are at liberty to stand, sit, roll, or canter, all of which you try, and then curl round the caldron like a dragon guarding treasures—a dragon with sleeves two feet in circumference—and are just slipping off into a nap, when enters a boy. *Boy* is, in Japan, a generic term, applicable, apparently, to all servants who are not maids. For aught I know, a boy may have grandchildren. In the present case, boy is perhaps thirty, jolly-faced, and equipped with a reasonably large vocabulary of Japanese and one English monosyllable, *bath*. He monosyllables—and waits. Whereupon you say with remarkable presence of mind, "Ah! sodeska." Since landing in Yokahama, your vocabularly has actually doubled; you can now say both *ohaio* and *sodeska* fluently.

Of these two words the latter is by far the more valuable. *Ohaio*, meaning *good morning*, is hardly serviceable after ten A. M.; sodeska is negotiable twelve months in the year, night and day. It means *indeed*. But one may say *sodeska* in twenty different

The most attractive thing about many an inn is its garden. This one is found at Nikko.

An inn garden at Yamagata. Trees, rocks, pools, and bridges play an important part in Japanese gardening. Flowers are not conspicuous.

Good-night.

ways conveying as many shades of meaning—joy, sorrow, surprise, doubt, positive conviction, etc. It is obviously the strategic, pivotal word of the entire Japanese language. It is—but the boy waits. You know it is useless to temporize. You arise, remove the outermost layer of the kimono so recently adopted, hunt up a crash towel—the inn furnishes kimonos and sandals but no towels—and follow your captor, pausing now and then to readjust a sandal which you have outdistanced.

No traveler who has written anything whatever concerning the Mikado's realm has failed to speak of the bath. It is a national institution, probably antedating the earliest temples. To the Japanese it is as the old oaken bucket to the New Englander. The home is built round it as our ancestors built round the open fireplace. Simple or elaborate, large or small, private or public, it is found everywhere. In the present case it is found near the front entrance, a little room with cement floor, in one corner of which is a sunken tub, rectangular, so deep that the water comes nearly up to the neck, and long enough, with three or four inches to spare, for a sitting posture. The water is not actually boiling, though it feels that way. An objectionable feature is that the water is seldom changed oftener than once a day, the hotel guests bathing in the order of their arrival, a distinctly fair arrangement. The objection is weakened somewhat by the fact that,

before descending into the depths, the guest is thoroughly scrubbed and rinsed, a painful process when the "boy" (elective rather than obligatory, which you fail to discover till afterwards; the guide should have told you) is muscular and adept at jiu-jitsu. You feel strangely light and giddy when at last you escape from this personally conducted bath, climb again the steep, highly polished stairs, and regain your room, quoting Macbeth drowsily: "To bed, to bed, to bed."

Upon a wish the bed appears. A raven-locked "boy" brings it, the maid makes it, while you act as silent, consenting witness. Where it comes from you do not know nor care. There is no bedstead, no mattress; there are no springs—just the bed, in layers, like a cake. Three thickly padded quilts are placed one on top of the other. This is the foundation. Over these is spread a sheet which looks like a counterpane. Then comes the top part, two more heavy quilts, the under one lined with a clean sheet. For pillow there is a roll about ten inches in diameter, apparently stuffed with rice chaff. There is nothing to tuck in except the tenant, who is inserted between layers three and four. Exit boy and maid, after prostrations which bring the head to the matting. You hear them skeeing down the corridor.

You are very sleepy. The rain, falling gently, invites slumber. Still you hesitate. No locks. It worries you a bit. Back home, the kitchen door,

cellar door, and front door are always safely barred by night, every window fastener carefully adjusted. Hark! Who lies beyond the sliding panels! You listen, an innocent eavesdropper, to low, musical voices—a man's, a woman's, a little child's. Evidently a family group. You understand not a word save an occasional *sodeska*. It all sounds innocent; there is no hint of fear that you will creep in on them and carry away the family purse. Such confidence deserves reciprocation. You turn off the light and crawl in.

It isn't so bad, except at the extremes. The Japanese are a short people; the quilts were made for Japanese. It is necessary to become a hypotenuse. And the pillow is uncompromising. A brief trial prompts you to discard it as hopeless and substitute a pair of shoes rolled up in a raincoat. Delicious—in comparison. Mt. Fuji makes a faint glow. The rain continues to fall. The voices in the adjoining room grow intermittent. Memory carries you back many years to a Thanksgiving eve when you and Tom slept on the floor at Uncle John's, there being too few beds for all the guests. Those were grand days, ah, sodeska, sodes—. You are asleep. The guidebooks speak of fleas. I have no personal knowledge of but one in all Japan. I think it was the same one, with a fondness for travel. As for thievery, a careful inventory at the close of journeyings of over two thousand miles revealed that nothing was missing save a

tube of cold cream. A man should never carry cold cream anyway. The maid who took it probably thought it was tooth paste. She is welcome.

Morning. Still raining. You have been invited out to breakfast and so escape, at least for a few hours, Japanese cooking. Unfortunately the invitation does not include the requisites for the morning toilet. There is no water in the room, save perhaps a gill in the teakettle, which seems inadequate. No mirror. Toilet case in hand you sally forth, thinking evil of your guide, who should have left you explicit directions. After one or two exasperating errors, you find the common sink and the common basin and the common mirror. No one disputes possession, though servants glide by decorously. They see but do not observe. Still you feel like a public character. What slaves we all are to convention! It is while returning from the sink room that you get lost. Back in your room at last, you find that the bed has vanished. Mt. Fuji is again glowing, tea is ready.

Two hours later you are back from breakfast and ready to depart. Maids carry the luggage down the shining stairways. Sandals are exchanged for shoes. The proprietor presents you with a little box which later you find contains five lignite saucers, a local product. Bath boy and maids are assembled to see you off. They bow with heads to the floor as the rikishas turn.

"Sayō-nara, sayō-nara!"

"Good-bye, good-bye."

You are off. The bill? Guide has attended to it—perhaps three dollars for the two, one-third of it a gift to the servants. Reasonably cheap. Ah, *sodeska.*

P. S. I have just looked up in my little pocket dictionary the word *indeed* and am amazed to find that the Japanese equivalents are *maru-hodo* and *iko-sama!* It is a wonderful language.

CHAPTER IV

TOKYO

FIRST, a marshy tract about the mouth of a river, swamps where wild fowl breed, rimmed with low hills. In time a fisherman's hut appeared on the shore of the shallow bay, two huts, half a dozen, a hamlet of amphibian folk, and the future city of Tokyo was founded without even a Romulus and Remus to give it an appropriate legendary start. Years slipped by, till along came a warrior, henchman of a feudal lord, viewed swamp, marsh, lagoon, and hill, saw possibilities, and built a stronghold on commanding ground. In due time the warrior died a good death in battle and another petty chieftain looked out from the stronghold over swamp and marsh to the bay beyond. And he fought and died, and time went on, and with each death the castle passed into new hands. Finally a general was sent by his over-lord to take the place and hold it. So great was the military genius of this man and so shrewd his political sagacity that in a few years he became by right of might ruler of all Japan, while the Mikado remained a shadow; and Yedo, "estuary mouth," which in the

time of Columbus was still but a fishing hamlet near the walls of a crude castle, became the political and military center of the realm. The name of the general was Ieyasu, the same whose sacred ashes rest in that simple yet costly golden-bronze tomb behind and above the holy of holies at Nikko.

The Shogun wrought mighty changes, material and political. His palace grew to be a grand affair guarded by triple moats for which water from a great distance was brought by aqueduct, moats with strong walls of massive granite blocks quarried hundreds of miles away and cunningly fitted without the aid of mortar. There were watchtowers and drawbridges; the fortifications were made strong and beautiful. Mansions followed, a few within the walled enclosure, the rest near by, homes of the feudal lords; for cunning Ieyasu decreed that during half the year they should live in the capital, and that when they departed for their country estates, wives and children should be left behind. Streets were laid out, canals dug, marshes drained or filled in. With magical swiftness a city grew. It must have been a gay, bustling place—haughty barons issuing from crested gateways attended by armed retainers, streets thronged with soldiers none too polite to humble tradesfolk, everywhere the craftsman, the artisan, the common laborer, erecting temples and dwellings, building roads and bridges, laying out gardens, planting trees. The new capital became a

great market place for produce of all kinds; the highways leading thither were far busier than today, and the throng of wayfarers vastly more picturesque.

For over two hundred sixty years Tokugawa shoguns ruled from the moated castle, and ever the city grew, at times so rapidly that the influx had to be checked by stern decree. More than once great fires all but wiped it out; earthquakes shook down structures which rose from the ashes, and started fires anew. That was a ghastly pit dug in 1657 to serve as a common grave for the tens of thousands who perished in a fearful conflagration. A hundred thousand, it is claimed, perished in the earthquake and fire of 1855. Floods periodically drowned the lower quarters, pestilence thinned out rich and poor. Still the city grew, ever a finer place, till it sheltered a million.

Finally occurred the greatest change of all. Nations that long had sought admittance rudely forced open the tightly sealed doors of the Hermit Kingdom, and the feudal system crumbled. The army of the Mikado marched into the city established by Ieyasu, and Yedo, "estuary mouth," became Tokyo, "eastern capital." The day of shoguns and territorial lords at an end, a great exodus naturally followed, and much of feudal magnificence was pruned away. Western civilization is drab rather than picturesque.

The Restoration which brought a Mikado to the

triple moated castle occurred in 1868, fifty years ago. What is Tokyo like today? The task of picturing it is much too great, yet I will try, supplementing memories and hastily jotted notes with data gleaned from many sources. At the very outset a serious difficulty arises from inability to handle statistics often apparently contradictory. The area of Tokyo, states the official handbook, is one hundred square miles. This sounds reasonable, though a fraction of a mile more or less would lend an air of plausibility. But the latest municipal report, which ought to be reliable, for it contains nearly a thousand pages of closely packed statistics between its honest blue covers and weighs several pounds, gives the area as a little less than thirty, with an extreme east and west reach of five and one-half miles, and a north and south reach of between seven and eight. I dispute neither assertion, both may be right; yet without violating the spirit of peaceful neutrality one may venture to state that he seems to recall on several occasions going at least eight miles in as straight a line as streets would permit without arriving anywhere else. Probably the confusion is due to the fact that there are many suburban towns so closely adjoining that they are as much a part of Tokyo as ancient Westminster is today a part of London. It is approximately correct to say that some of the suburbs are centrally located, and that unless new municipality lines are established, the time will soon

come when more of Tokyo will be outside of Tokyo than is now within.

At any rate, it is undeniably a big city, bordering the northwest shore of Tokyo bay, with a river dividing it unequally, a very big city, and as flat, almost, as Chicago or New Orleans, though there are "hill" districts, more or less aristocratic, which reach an extreme altitude of one hundred thirty feet. Statistics in regard to altitude harmonize perfectly with recorded impressions, but difficulty arises again in estimating population, figures varying to such a degree as to warrant the assumption that the Japanese are exceptionally hard to count. The latest statement * I have seen gives the amazing number of 2,278,000, with a floating population of 235,000, and 844,000 suburbans. New York, London, Tokyo: that is the new sequence, apparently, and a newer rating may be looked for within a decade or two. During the twenty-three years prior to 1914 the increase was a little less than seventy-five per cent., and it is claimed that there are 80,000 more people in the city today than there were a year ago.

It is a monotonously gray city, closely packed for the most part, practically cellarless, and hugging the earth—length and breadth in abundance, but lacking a noticeable third dimension. Acre after acre is covered with one and two-storied buildings. There are a few tallish structures—government offices and

* J. Merle Davis in *The Japan Evangelist*, January, 1917.

Along the river front in Tokyo.

The castle moat in the heart of the city.

Praying at one of Tokyo's many shrines. Note the size of the contribution box.

Entrance to a shrine in one of the poorer quarters.

business houses. Brick, stone, and plate glass have crept in beneath the cloak of commerce and are now openly competing with wood, plaster, and paper. There are even a few earthquake defying steel and concrete monsters, and probably a score are today in course of construction; but no sky-scrapers, no church spires, no streets that look like cañons, and except in suburban manufacturing districts, practically no chimneys. Looking down from the roof-garden of Japan's biggest department store, one realizes that this is not a city of cellar furnaces and kitchen ranges; the occasional protruding smoke-pipe looks slenderly frail and accidental. In Tokyo, heat wanders from room to room in charcoal firepots. Bed, bath, and exercise are, to the poor at least, the closest equivalents of our radiator, register, and fireplace.

But how the ugly telephone and electric light poles stick up above the gray tiling, piloting the eye along channels of traffic. Tokyo's streets, a confusing network of over six hundred miles, present an odd mixture of old and new. There are a few noble avenues, found principally near the Imperial Palace, and a few business streets wide as Broadway. Whenever fire clears a section, lines are moved back as a matter of course, and congestion sometimes becomes so intolerable that fires are not waited for. Millions of yen are annually expended in pushing back building lines and improving roadways. But much of the

old remains; most of the streets are Orientally narrow, many too strait for automobiles, and there are in the poorer quarters streetlets, alleys, mere cracks, where a Falstaff might find progress perplexing. Sidewalks, it should be remembered, are a Western extravagance; save in newer quarters, the roadway reaches from house to house. All is sidewalk, all is road, all is playground, front yard, nursery, promenade, market place. Tokyo lives out of doors, mainly in the streets, which are kept perpetually damp. Frequent rains render them slippery. The two-wheeled wateringcart, man propelled, is a familiar sight, and its casual showers are supplemented by prudent shopkeepers, presumably to protect their openly exposed wares from dust. These supplementary sprinklings are not always sweet; underground sewers are just "coming in."

The blue-covered statistical manual contains much that will help in picturing Tokyo's street life. For example, in 1914 the total number of horses in the city was but 1,121. In the neighborhood of freight-yards, one misses the cheery "*Who-up! Go on there, Dick.*" Most of the miserable beasts in service are halter led, not driven by rein. They are the pariahs of transportation, absolutely without social standing, negligible. To match this paltry 1,121, there were 67,025 wagons. The real beast of burden is not the horse nor the ox but man—and woman. Bags, bales, bundles, farm produce, heavy timber, stone, every-

thing is hauled by two-footed animals. A common sight is a heavily laden two-wheeled dray with a man between the shafts, his son tugging at a lateral trace, and a rugged mother pushing behind. Sometimes the baby is strapped to the mother's back, sometimes it sleeps on top of the load, and sometimes there is no baby—which is a pity, for it must be pleasanter pulling when the entire family is along.

More picturesque are the natty rikisha men, slender racers, who, it is said, are far less numerous than ten years ago. At present there are but 17,616 of them! Then there are the bicycles, driven at breakneck speed by 2,268 (this must be an error; surely there are millions) artful dodgers, expert juggling porters who will carry on head, back, shoulders, or handle-bars anything short of a grand square piano. To bicycles proper, add 111 motor-cycles and 340 motor cars. And of course there are trolley cars, precisely 893 of them at the latest counting recorded, which must be pictured crowded, packed, jammed, at most hours; and steam railways enter the city from many directions, they, with the help of electrics, bringing about forty-five thousand passengers per day.

Now wind it all up and set it in motion. What a medley it makes, and how much the stranger sees that is unique; yet alas how soon the novelty wears off, how quickly memory fades. Babies everywhere, strapped to the back of mother or sister or

brother, or carried in father's arms; gay files of gorgeously attired geishas in swiftly moving rikishas; the slow funeral procession, priest attended, the upright coffin borne upon poles resting on the shoulders of porters; school children (boys in military caps, maids in blue or garnet skirts), a merry throng; personally conducted excursion parties, obviously from the rural districts, and frankly interested in everything; the itinerant vendor of foodstuffs, his neat wooden boxes suspended from the ends of a slender pole which teeters as he hastens along at a half-running gait except as he pauses to blow his horn or flute, or beat his tom-tom, or utter his mournful cry; the Prince Imperial in closed carriage, drawn by two of the best of the 1,121, imported thoroughbreds that know their paces; the mayor's limousine, with footman sometimes running ahead to clear the way; shoppers, throngs on their way to temples or parks, laborers in frocks bearing on their backs the trade sign of their employers, priests, beggars (though not many), peasants, grandees—oh, it all makes a fine spectacle, no matter where one threads his way, an endless panorama which, in the language of the showman, must be seen to be appreciated.

Lower Tokyo is a Venice. Between the Bay and what is left of the Castle moats, for there has been much filling in to provide a place for boulevard and government buildings, there is a network of navigable

canals, gracefully bridged at perhaps five hundred points, leading to the wider river where shallow draft steamers and schooners lie anchored and passenger boats, ferries, and tugs hurry up stream and down. Junks with quilted sails, high at bow and stern, are moored along the bank; barges and sampans, propelled by long, gracefully bending bamboo poles or heavy sweeps jointed like the claw of a crab, bring their cargoes to the very heart of the city. As in land transportation, the water craft are often worked by man and wife; and many evidently serve as homes. Cargo discharged and the craft tethered to poles thrust down into the mud, smoke from a domestic fire arises, and the smell of cooking mingles with less agreeable odors, for canals serve as drains, though all night soil is frugally saved for rice field and truck garden. It is pleasant to loll over bridge parapets, watching the clumsily beautiful craft crawl by, with difficulty curbing the impulse to swing down and join some family crew and while away a day or so in commercial gondola life, form a part of the slow-moving procession contrasting so strongly with the bustling street traffic.

Closely packed as much of the great city is, there are nineteen parks, each beautiful in its way, and spacious temple grounds, palace grounds, wonderful private gardens, and trees wherever there is room for them. The love of the Japanese for all growing things, flower, shrub, tree, is more unreasonable

than that of any other people, at times approaching mild insanity as inexplicable as it is enviable. The most beautiful tract in Tokyo is that which contains the Imperial Palace buildings, some of them resting on foundations parts of which must be five hundred years old. They are hidden from the common gaze; no one passes through the well-guarded inner gateway save at the Mikado's will. Yet much that was once carefully guarded ground is now a public esplanade. A ten minute walk from the Imperial Hotel brings one to a point near the intersection of busy streets where one gets a fine view of the moat, with its sloping inner wall rising well above the light green waters. Century old pines rooted in the embankment above have been trained to send their gnarled limbs far down over the wonderfully preserved masonry, gray or mossy green. At angles of the wall are unforgetable watchtowers, snowy white save for the gracefully curved roofs. All seems remotely mediæval; yet on the near side of the moat runs a wide boulevard flanked with large, modern structures, and in the distance there looms through the haze a mammoth insurance building nearing completion, and still farther beyond, memory calls to mind a busy section where, it is estimated, between two hundred fifty and three hundred thousand souls pass daily. It is Japan's choicest possession, this picturesque antiquity in the heart of the swarming city, anachronistically fascinating, magical in

its power to summon up palanquin days that will never return. I wonder if it may not be true that the wild fowl one sees swimming the moat or waddling down the steep green embankment on the upper side of the Imperial grounds are lineal descendants of birds that nested in the reedy swamps long before there was any Tokyo or even a Yedo. Unbroken successions are common in Japan; the Mikado himself is a direct descendant of a goddess who lived when the islands of Japan were a-making.

But back to the modern city. Let us dip again into the thousand page statistical yearbook—dip at random and see what figures can reveal. Here is a small matter of 237 Shinto shrines and 191 Shinto churches (one wishes he knew the difference), 1,207 Buddhist temples, 110 Christian churches and preaching stations, and 586 schools, including a number of colleges and universities—religion and culture in abundance, Oriental, Occidental. There are nineteen theatres (2,022,758 spectators annually "for whole acts"); 146 music halls with nearly three million visitors during the year; 291 resorts classified under the headings large-bow, small-bow, Yokin-bow, billiards, indoor shooting, airgun, blowgun, angling, go-game (military checkers), skating-halls; 15,936 "shows," 18 street showmen.

Evidently a pleasure-loving people, martial in temperament. There seems to be plenty of time and pocket money. Yet they are a busy people; to men-

tion a single line of activity, there are 2,174 factories, and few are the streets which are not lined with store-fronted or workshop-fronted homes. But wages are so low as to suggest that not all who live in Tokyo are habitual pleasure seekers. The latest figures obtainable, three or four years old and probably considerably lower than those of today, give the average wage of factory men as fifty-nine sen (a sen is half a cent), and of women as twenty-nine sen. The average carpenter receives one yen twenty (sixty cents), the stone cutter one yen fifty, the cabinet maker ninety sen, the clogmaker sixty-five sen. Is it poverty or improvidence which enables 1,277 pawnbrokers to make 8,986,815 loans in a single year?

But to continue. The city is well protected—I think the figures are for 1914, but it does not matter, since general impressions only are sought—by 3,865 white-gloved policemen assisted by 202 clerks, who make, during the year, 20,625 arrests, 6,054 for gambling and lottery, 5,504 for theft. Unbelievable! There are 462 hotels, 1,259 boarding-houses, 380 lodging houses for laborers, 998 bath houses (a remarkably clean people) 3,520 barbers (the hair is worn short), and 6,748 hairdressers for the ladies (out of all reasonable proportion, but the wonderful coiffures explain and perhaps justify it).

Next comes a group of items over part of which perhaps a veil should be drawn. Under police

A Tokyo watch tower.

A typical crowd of tourists before a temple in Shiba Park.

A temple roof with graceful lines.

protection are 317 licensed prostitute houses (4,373 inmates), 83 teahouses connected with the above, 1,193 "waiting houses" (see *The Nightside of Japan*), 540 higher restaurants, 718 public bars (Western civilization), 46 teahouses, 5,875 "icewater shops" (innocent), 9,495 lower restaurants, 19 theatre teahouses, 1,803 geisha houses with 4,775 geisha girls. Even the dogs ye may know, 11,959, of which number 1,643 are "bad." And during the year nineteen thirteen precisely 1,165,820 rats were caught, a sad falling off of forty-five per day since the previous year. Perhaps it is unnecessary to tell how many were caught alive and how many dead, though it is all figured out by districts and the average number per household neatly figured. Rats carry the plague; hence their title to statistical consideration.

Another dip, the last. Marriages, 12,257; divorces, 1,999; deaths, 38,902 (tuberculosis and pneumonia are prominent in the long list of maladies); births, 52,116, and of the babies, 65 are foundlings and 7,441 illegitimate. (East is East and West is West.) Let the survey of things statistical close with 4,806 physicians, 1,160 druggists, 9,193 retailers of patent medicine and 3,003 peddlers of the same—more evidence of the rapid inroads of Western civilization.

To tourist eyes, Tokyo is as orderly as it is neatly kept. There are no street brawls, seldom a reeling tippler. The polite policemen, standing by their cute little sentry boxes, seem to be ornaments only.

Whatever mischief goes on is under cover. And how quiet at all hours. There is the indescribable *click-click*, *scuff-scuff* of clog and sandal, the *pat-pat-pat* of runners' feet, the bicycler's alarm, the jingle of sleighbells fastened to the paper boy's sash, making a merry din as he runs from house to house, the occasional *honk* of the chauffeur. There are the electrics, to be sure, and the incoming trains. But street cries, clicks, scuffs, and all do not produce anything remotely approximating the bass roar of bedlam New York. And with the coming of electric lights and paper lantern glows there is a hush suggesting that most of Tokyo retires early. Few street cries are heard save the mournful flute notes of blind masseur or masseuse wandering from street to street till midnight or later; then absolute quiet except for the *clack! clack-clack!* of the watchman, who claps together two pieces of wood as he goes his rounds—to let honest people know that all is well, and give enterprising thieves an accurate idea of his latitude and longitude.

CHAPTER V

RIDING ON THE TRAIN

RAILWAY travel in Japan is comparatively inexpensive. At least that is my impression; possibly those who have no inherited weakness in things mathematical may hold the opposite opinion after studying the following figures.

To travel third class costs 1.65 sen per mile, a sen being the equivalent of half a cent more or less, according to shifts in exchange. If, however, the third class passenger is going a journey of over fifty miles, the rate shrinks to 1.40 sen; if over one hundred miles, to 1.10 sen; over two hundred miles, to .90 sen; over three hundred miles, to .80 sen, or approximately two-fifths of a cent in American gold. The longer the journey, the less it costs. Thus far the calculation is agreeably simple for one who carries slate, pencil, and sponge. But there are complications. To travel second class costs fifty per cent. extra, and first class fare is one hundred fifty per cent. extra. Since first class compartments and second class are practically identical in equipment, the only advantages attached to the former are,

apparently, psychological and atmospheric. Then there is a "transit duty" to pay, varying according to class and distance, besides which one must purchase "express extra tickets" for trips on fast trains, the amount of "extra" neatly graduated according to class, distance traveled, and the speed of the locomotive. It may amount to more than the regular fare. Berths vary from an unbelievably small sum to four yen (two dollars). Of course, there are commutation tickets and excursion rates. Finally the usual invidious distinction is made in regard to age: children under four are transported free, their financial inability being thus frankly recognized. Perhaps it should be added that there is an ingeniously contrived scale of charges for excess baggage, easily comprehensible to those who have mastered bank discount and partial payments.

Practically all roads are owned by the government. Collectively they are known as The Imperial Government Railways. They cover the main islands fairly well, with a total length of over 5,400 miles. As in our own country, speed varies. There are trains which traverse the eighteen miles between Tokyo and Yokohama in twenty-eight minutes, plenty fast enough for sixty pound rails three and one-half feet apart, for the Imperial Government Railways are narrow gauge. The daily *de luxe* between Tokyo and Shimonoseki covers the 704 miles in a little over twenty-five hours. From these

maxima the rate dwindles, the other extreme being reached in sparsely settled regions where certain trains, part freight, jog along absent-mindedly at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour when the wind is fair. For the most part it is a single track system.

The equipment is not easily described, for it lacks uniformity. On some roads, the English compartments are found; more common are the trains in which seats run lengthwise. Although the coaches are shorter than ours, many are divided into sections, one first class, seating ten or twelve, the other second class, with accommodations for perhaps three times as many; or the smaller section may be a sleeper, the larger for day passengers. Only on the Tokyo-Shimonoseki run will one find a small observation chair compartment. Third class coaches, with unupholstered seats back to back on either side of a narrow central aisle, the floor of plain boards, and with no toilet facilities, are usually crowded with people of the lower ranks, whereas the small first class compartments are frequently empty. In 1914 only three out of every thousand passengers traveled first class, forty-three traveled second class, and nine hundred fifty-four third class. One reason for diversity in equipment is found in the rapid expansion the system has undergone since the first rails were laid in 1872, and a second may be due to the fact that much of the rolling stock has come from foreign countries, Great Britain, America, Germany,

and even Switzerland, though of late years a rapidly increasing number of locomotives and cars have been made in Japan. The smartest equipment is found, naturally, near the great centers of population, for example Osaka, which receives, according to the Year Book for 1917, over 270 trains daily.

The Bureau in charge of the Imperial Government Railways has done everything conceivable to aid the bewildered foreign traveler. There are time-tables in English, with rates minutely figured for those not familiar with logarithms. A most attractive booklet of sixty pages, illustrated and furnished with a good map, not only gives useful information about train service but suggests tours short and long. For those who are willing to pay a few shillings, there is an admirable series of guidebooks, fuller even than the loquacious and somewhat unreliable Terry, though less discriminating than Murray. Finally there is the Japan Tourist Bureau, maintained in part by the Railways, with offices at Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Shimonoseki, where one may go for aid of all kinds.

In scores of little ways the comfort of the tourist is looked after. Every car has a wide stripe of red, blue, or white running beneath the windows, red for third class, blue for second, white for third, with Roman numerals I, II, III, for the color blind, in addition to which there are destination placards. No intelligence is taken for granted except that

it is assumed the traveler knows that trains, like street vehicles, pass to the left. What station is this we have just drawn into? Signboards tell in Japanese and English, sizable boards and several of them. What station did we pass last and what comes next? The signboards tell and add the distance in miles. Probably there are more signs and placards to the inch in Japan than in any other country on earth. Occasionally one finds in a railway station a good map of the region and a list of the places of interest. If, through the car window, you chance to see, beyond the rice fields, a particularly attractive mountain and wish to know its name, the guard will tell you with a courtesy implying that you have conferred a deep favor by asking. He wears white gloves—even the engineer wears them—and a neat blue uniform. All train officials wear uniforms; and the station-master, even in the smaller towns, comes forth as the train draws in, like a Beau Brummel. He wears a sword. The politest person I have ever met was a train boy in Northern Japan.

Riding on the cars in the Mikado's realm is great fun. Next to tramping, for which one does not always have time, it provides an excellent way of seeing the country, and it furnishes admirable opportunities for studying Japanese character without being too obtrusive. Let me try to draw a picture of a second class carload on the line running north from Tokyo—or rather a series of pictures, per-

haps a bit kaleidoscopic, for the mind of one taking his first car trip in Japan is apt to register impressions in a confused state.

By reputation, the Japanese are the politest people on earth, but their traveling manners are not above reproach. New passengers crowd up the narrow steps before the coach has emptied—just as people do in America. It sometimes becomes almost a scrimmage, but is always good natured. The new load, however, is not received wholly by way of the platform. Windows are lowered and through them are received vast quantities of luggage—suitcases, valises, carpetbags, bundles, baskets of fruit, what not. "What not" includes, among other contraptions, a cloth receptacle with a stiff bottom, a meal sack sort of thing made of cotton, a kind of duffle bag, very convenient and capacious. It also includes impedimenta neatly done up in what we might call bandannas, great squares of cotton or silk, the four corners brought together and tied in a knot. My lady's parcel-bandanna is very bright and pretty.

Once in, and the luggage stored in overhead racks, the traveler, especially if going on a long journey, proceeds to requisition as much space as he can; for he knows very well that before long the inevitable must occur—he will fall asleep; in fact that is one of the delights of travel. He has brought along a blanket and a rubber pillow quickly inflated. It is hugely pleasant to his beauty-loving nature to snore

away mile after mile, comfortably stretched out on the seat, while the train glides through the prettiest country on earth. Of course he slips out of his wooden shoes first. Some trains furnish light sandals—bed slippers—heelless affairs that flop as you walk; but even these are removed before slumber.

This rolling up in a blanket does not always come on immediately. There are newspapers and magazines to read, the eye running up and down the page, not crosswise, for the lines of shrimps and fishhooks stand on end. Then there is tobacco, usually in cigarette form. The Japanese cigarette is one-third hollow cardboard tube. The tube part is unobjectionable. Almost as common as the cigarette is the pipe, a foot, more or less, of bamboo stem, lead-pencil size, with metal bowl and mouthpiece. It is carried in a little case attached by a cord to a tobacco pouch usually shaped like a pocketbook. The case is worn tucked under the girdle like a dagger, the pouch dangling outside. The bowl is about one-third the size of a thimble; it contains three or four puffs of finely shredded stuff. The wisdom of the homeopathic dose is comprehensible to the foreigner after a single application. There is a duty of three hundred fifty per cent. on tobacco; that which is furnished by the government monopoly is to real tobacco as commercial substitutes are to coffee.

The ladies smoke too, though I am told that among

the educated classes the practice is dying out, at a time when in Europe, if not in America, the cigarette is regarded as a symbol of culture and personal liberty. The women passengers are in the minority. They occupy what space is left after the men are comfortably arranged—they, their bundles, and their children. Some of the men are in European clothes; the women, very sensibly, retain native dress, rather sober-hued kimonos with just a bit of color at the neck and a bit more by way of sleeve lining, and another bit at the hem of the skirt. (A man should never attempt to describe such things; he always makes a mess of it. Of course, a kimono has no skirt—or is it all skirt? At any rate, none of it is shirtwaist.) And they wear no hats, a commendable practice, though they atone for this economy by arranging their glossy black hair (it is too straight to be called locks) in a bewildering fashion, and wear at the back a very beautiful obi, the same suggesting an unstuffed sofa pillow, gay as an emperor moth, tied on with a girdle sash several miles in length. The general effect is very pleasing indeed and her

> Attitude's queer and quaint.
> You're wrong if you think it ain't.

She is never flustered, her expression is always sweet, and she acts with an ease of manner suggesting that she was born and bred in a train. For a few minutes she sits quietly in orthodox fashion, a polite

There are rice fields everywhere.

The irrigation wheel. Note the towel. With few exceptions the peasants are amazingly neat.

concession to Europeans who have a mistaken idea in regard to how coaches are designed to be used—like a courteous hostess who, noticing that her guest employs his knife as a vehicle for transportation, occasionally does likewise. But she knows better. Very soon, without a trace of proud superiority betrayed in her serene countenance, she slips off her sandals, daintily steps up, tucks her feet under for warmth and protection, and composes herself on the cushion in a little bundle suggesting pussy in an armchair before an open grate. Usually she faces the window, which makes it nervous for the American sitting across the narrow aisle, who at first is mortally afraid that she will soon topple over backwards, and then feels wickedly afraid that she won't. Finally she, too, bows to the inevitable, nods and nods, and at last rests her forehead upon the window-sill while she dreams peacefully of fans, parasols, and cherry-blossoms. As I write, there comes to mind a picture of three maidens in their teens, two of them thus attached to adjacent window-sills, the third, occupying an end seat, with her head wedged into the corner as if she had been a naughty girl. Each, before retiring, had openly used her beauty-box—a little touch here and there with a comb and a frank application of powder to the neck. But all this was far north of Tokyo.

Next to sleeping, the greatest delight of railway travel is eating. Even the babies seem to require,

and get, an astounding amount of sustenance. Most through express trains carry a diner with seats for twelve or more, where European food is served, *table d'hote* or *a la carte*, fairly good and very reasonable, the former costing from twenty-five to sixty cents approximately, to which must be added a tip. The diner is well patronized, but much food is consumed in the regular coaches—which brings to mind the railway station.

Practically all railway stations are well planned, well cared for. The larger ones are busy places. As the train comes to a standstill, there arises a medley of voices. Uniformed officials go up and down the platform crying out "Sendai, Sendai," or whatever the name of the place may be. Vying with them are the newsboys with papers and magazines, and the boy who sells hot milk, and the boy with bottles of soft and hard, and the tea boy, and the fruit vender, and the lunch man. Every coach is canvassed again and again, and through the windows come foodstuffs and drinks galore, in addition to which, prudent mothers have brought along rice cakes and bean cakes and oranges and bananas and persimmons. Nearly everything is amazingly cheap. As soon as my working days are over, I plan to return to Japan with a blanket and rubber pillow, and pass declining years in a perpetual feast broken only by slumber induced by car-wheel lullaby.

Tea in a little pot, convoyed by a tiny cup, very

dainty and yours to take home if you wish, though nobody does, costs five sen (2½ cents) and never keeps anyone awake. I have purchased oranges enough for a large family, neatly stowed in a reed network, for five or six cents. But the real miracle, costing ten or fifteen cents, is the *bentō-bako*. The *bentō-bako* (I hope I have the name correct) is a course dinner put up in twin boxes of thin white wood about six inches square and an inch deep, neatly tied, with chopsticks and toothpick (sealed in tissue paper) tucked under the string, and sometimes a paper napkin. No matter where purchased, the lower tenement box is filled with rice, each kernel retaining its individuality, unvitiated by salt or sugar. It is delicious, to those who like it, and obeys the chopsticks better than most edibles. What the upper tenement contains varies with the season and the locality. It is divided into compartments, the contents of each a surprise, agreeable or the contrary, to the European palate. (In Japan, all foreigners are Europeans.) Omelette (sweetened), fish (sometimes Lilliputian eels), mushrooms, pickled lotus root, bamboo shoots, beans (disguised or obvious), radish in thin white slices, shrubbery in various forms—the variety is apparently endless, and it all tastes—as it should, I suppose, and frequently is not injurious. After a few trials one can stand nearly everything, if he is hungry enough, except octopus, a rubbery fish which one eats the first

time experimentally and thinks about for a long time afterward. Perhaps the most substantial treasures are little morsels of beef or chicken, a sort of connecting link between Oriental and Occidental cooking.

A day coach cannot serve as sleeper and diner too without consequences. The floor soon suggests a neglected alley in an ancient town. Lunch boxes, teapots, orange peel, ashes, and other refuse make a muss. The train boy appears periodically, cleans everything out, and arranges sandals in military rows. He even mops till the linoleum looks sickly. But it is an expedient, not a permanent cure. Even above decks, the general effect is not wholly pleasing to the eye that craves symmetry: sleepers prone, sleepers upright, sleepers slanted, braced, or tottering; passengers sitting in the orthodox fashion, passengers with feet tucked under; passengers facing north, south, east, and west; travelers who live to read and others who live to eat; Japanese in European clothes and Japanese in Japanese, and one American with a notebook; above, beetling crags of miscellaneous luggage threatening at any moment to fall through the smoky atmosphere with fatal results. The color scheme is sombre, save for brilliant patches here and there, the same being children in many-hued kimonos; and all is grave as a funeral. The Japanese are not loquacious when journeying by rail.

Home of a peasant of the poorer class.

Winnowing grain.

The Sacred Bridge.

A cryptomeria avenue at Nikko.

CHAPTER VI

NIKKO

It is a place of enchantment, a rare bit of dreamland sent to this world by mistake and likely to vanish without a moment's notice as soon as the error has been discovered—mountains, vales, ravines, lakes, waterfalls, cascades, and madly rushing streams; regal trees in solemn procession shading ancient roadways, steep slopes superabundantly green with smaller growth, rocks and walls velveted with moss or hoary with lichens. It is a place glorified, if not sanctified, by the richest, proudest group of temples in the Mikado's realm. Nor is this all. That stately avenue of lofty cedars which once formed a royal approach, no longer intact throughout its length of twenty miles or more yet grandly beautiful still in some of its reaches, leads not only to the Sacred Mountain on whose wooded slopes the temples stand, but far back through feudal days of splendor—back even to the times when in another island realm a proud queen sat on the throne and a Raleigh languished in the Tower, and prentice lads stole away to the Globe to see plays by the Stratford up-

start. Mighty Ieyasu, first and greatest of the Tokugawa Shoguns, whose deified ashes draw thousands of pilgrims annually to the Sacred Mountain, quitted this world with Shakespeare, three centuries ago. Doubtless they have met ere now in some celestial teahouse or tavern.

Unless this place of enchantment has already disappeared, you will find it ninety-one miles north of Tokyo and two thousand feet higher up. Get a ticket for Nikko at Ueno station and four hours later leave the train at Hachi-ishi. Hachi-ishi is not, properly speaking, a part of the dreamland but a worldly little town that has squeezed itself in between an overshadowing mountain ridge and an angry river, and climbed up a mile or two to the Sacred Bridge, beyond which its closely packed rows of restaurants, teahouses, hotels, provision stores, and curio shops dare not venture. The main thoroughfare, however, passes on, crosses an iron bridge which is also of this world, circles the base of the Mountain, visits the sister town of Iri-machi and other hamlets beyond, and, far up among lofty peaks, becomes translated into trails. Easily might one go from Hachi-ishi to Iri-machi without once suspecting the presence of sacred things. Not even the spiral tip of a five storied pagoda reveals the secret; all is hidden in cryptomeria groves. It is the Japanese way. A trolley line climbs the main street. Rikishas are in waiting at the railroad station. The pilgrims,

however, which pour out of the trains in companies of twenty, fifty, one hundred, swarm up the narrow thoroughfare on foot, many with staff in hand and a bundle of "needments" slung over the shoulder. Through the crowd whirl automobiles from the European hotels at a frightful rate, the constantly tooted horn scattering humble folk to right and left. Even in courteous Japan, the motor car is a brutal aristocrat.

Sanctified Nikko begins at the Sacred Bridge, which at first glance does not look so very sacred except when contrasted with the ugly iron structure a few yards lower down, built for profane daily traffic. It is extremely simple, a single balustraded arch of less than one hundred feet, supported at either end by a slender granite torii. But wait till its red lacquer is bright with rain, and the valley beyond full of mist, and the stream below a brawl of white and steel-blue. Stand where you may see, just beyond the red arch, the sacred stairway mounting steeply through dark cryptomerias, and the gently rising pilgrim-path, wide, roughly paved with well-worn stones, which winds gracefully a bit farther to the left, its gloom relieved by groups of the devout returning from worship. Between the Bridge and this wide pathway runs the well-buttressed causeway, with its interesting panorama of mundane traffic—a bevy of schoolgirls, timid little creatures who laugh merrily and run away when you make

friendly advances; a peasant leading three miserable horses in tandem, each so ladened with coarse mountain hay as to be scarcely visible; a rikisha, one coolie between the shafts, a second pushing behind; a party of young men in student caps returning from the day's tramp to Lake Chuzenji. As darkness gathers, the bridge no longer gleams; its rich red lacquer is barely distinguishable from the black metal caps of the baluster posts. It begins to look mystical, worthy of the legends which connect it with far away days when holy men and miracles were more common. Perhaps, after all, it is sacred. The gates which bar it are justifiable; its smooth planks are rightly preserved for the sandals of church and state dignitaries. Twice a year is often enough to throw it open to pilgrim throngs. Darkness at last. Lights begin to twinkle. Down the road comes a lantern bearer. Mountain peaks have vanished long since. I wonder if it is true, as the guidebook avers, that sometimes under cover of darkness venturesome youth climb the gates and scamper back and forth over the arch. Impious rascals! And yet the sensations must be delicious; I'd like to try it.

That roughly paved pilgrim-way which winds steeply up from the Bridge is but one of several approaches to the temple compound. All sooner or later open into a noble avenue at least sixty feet wide, gently rising for an eighth of a mile between stone-faced embankments crowned with lofty trees,

to a mammoth granite torii nearly three centuries old, the dignified portal to the Mausoleum of Ieyasu. A little to the left a five-storied pagoda stands guard, earthquake proof because of its huge pendulum beam, but not secure from decay. One misses the tinkle of the bronze wind-bells which usually hang from each corner of the gracefully upcurved eaves; instead comes the sound of mallet and plane. Scaffolding obscures its beauty. All that lies beyond the gray old torii casts such a spell of enchantment that no one has ever been able to describe its bewildering beauty. Evidently Mr. Terry has inspected it minutely, equipped with foot rule and magnifying glass and a dictionary of adjectives. The steps of each worn stairway have been counted, retaining walls carefully measured. No dragon nor elephant nor unicorn in all the wondrous carvings and paintings has escaped his notice, no glint of gold upon the copper tiled roofs. Yet when the last sentence of the thirty or more closely packed pages devoted to Nikko was written, no doubt the guardian spirits of the Sacred Mountain smiled. Enchanted things are not for guidebook makers, nor for the careless pen of a rambling tourist.

Before me lies a penny pictorial map such as is sold to pilgrims, a gay combination of honest green, blue, red, and yellow, more satisfying than Mr. Terry's labored description. Perspective is lacking, but that is atoned for by a fine priestly

procession which forms a wide, gratuitous border along the bottom. The yellow is employed mainly for little labels tucked in here and there to tell the pilgrim what building he is looking at. They do no harm, though one cannot read their legends. There is a lot of green, as there should be. Green is for trees, very tall, with straight trunks which do not bear branches save up aloft, sacred cryptomerias completely masking the mountain slope, crowding in upon carefully terraced temple grounds, court rising above court. A few of the bolder ones have even left the groves and apparently stand where they will near holy buildings. The retaining walls which keep the terraces from washing away—the whole mountain is adrip with rivulets and cascades—are pictured in blue, as is a certain picketed parapet of stone, and the wide paved walks and stairways leading from terrace to terrace, the torii, and the extravagantly numerous lanterns of stone or metal. Blue is employed merely for convenient definition; no deception is intended. Nikko stone is gray, till weather-stained and mossed and lichened, as most of it is. Red are all the many buildings, the elaborate gateways, and the cloister walls, which is essentially correct; but the gracefully curved roofs are blue again, an excusable misrepresentation since beautiful copper tiling, sometimes flecked with gold (phrase borrowed from the guidebook), can hardly be reproduced in a penny print. The artist has

wisely refrained from picturing interiors, though a sleeping cat does appear somewhat impossibly among the treetops, and there is a mere glimpse of the Holy of Holies which stands in the upper terrace.

Simple as is this polychrome chart, the fading memories of a morning or two spent in overtaking a priest who hurried from building to building can supplement it but feebly. It is easy to recall the three gateways, each as costly and gorgeous as the Oriental imagination of the seventeenth century could make it, each protected by two horrid warrior gods and two ferocious guardian dogs imperfectly shielded from the weather by heavy bronze-tiled roofs. Less distinct are a number of minor buildings, the library, the treasure houses and storerooms, the bell tower, the stable, each worthy of a morning's study. Unforgettable is one temple in particular, with a beautiful dragon sprawling over nearly its entire ceiling; and so too is the marvelously decorated corridor, over seven hundred feet long and eleven feet wide, which encloses the third terrace. I recall that everywhere there was an extravagant abundance of ornamentation concealing structural lines, intricate cornices, brackets, sculptures, carvings, paintings, arabesques—flowers, birds, beasts, fish, creatures real, creatures mythical, especially dragons—ascending, descending, crouching, crawling, rearing, blue ones, green ones, gold ones, all beautiful, but unpleasant to dream about. I remember that the

floors, whether lacquered or matted, were as cold as they were sacred, to stocking feet; that it was easy to kneel when others knelt, especially in that largest and most wonderful structure of all, containing the Holy of Holies; but that when, before a beautiful altar, a strangely attired priestly dignitary prayed for me, even mentioning name and nationality, the resultant emotions were less holy than they would have been had the sinner's feet been warmer. In imagination there still arises the smell of incense, and I taste again the warm sake, possibly fifty drops poured into a tiny white bowl by a solemn attendant, and the little rice wafers accompanying it. It was unfortunate that at the very moment when the impressive ceremony was beginning to drive away worldly thought, a telephone rang not ten feet away, followed by animated and prolonged conservation.

Finally, returning to precincts less holy, the guide led our little party out of the main compound, through a door above which reposed the far-famed cat, to a stairway of two hundred steps between mossy retaining walls, leading up to a little area surrounded by a plain stone balustrade—back of the Holy of Holies and well above it. There, in a relatively simple yet costly tomb of "pale gold bronze," a domed cylinder rising from a base of five bronze steps and capped with a pagoda-like roof terminating in a "forked flame," are the ashes of the man to perpetuate whose memory all the beauty

which lies lower down was planned and executed. There they have reposed since April twentieth, 1617, when with unprecedented pomp and ceremony they were consigned to their final restingplace.

Wonderful are the changes that have come since that day. Ieyasu was a great man who dreamed, a brave warrior, a statesman. He rose almost from obscurity at a time of national confusion, seized upon opportunity and won his place in the temple of fame. It was he who organized and perfected Japan's elaborate feudal system and perpetuated that strange dual arrangement which kept the emperor a spiritual lord with shadowy sceptre practically a prisoner in Kyoto while a shogun backed by military power actually ruled in Tokyo. So cleverly did he manage that for two hundred sixty-five years the *de facto* sway of government remained in his family. It was during the rule of his grandson, whose mausoleum, in some respects even more beautiful, practically adjoins that of Ieyasu, that early Christianity was blotted out by persecutions the most cruel the world has ever known, and Japan was sealed up, made a hermit kingdom for over two centuries. The descendants wrought, yet we suspect that all was included in the dream which found lodgement in the brain of the first Tokugawa Shogun.

But today the Mikado, actual lord spiritual and temporal, rules from his palace in Tokyo. The feudal system has been swept away completely.

Ships from all nations enter the ports of the once hermit kingdom, and Christian priests are free to come and go. The costly mausoleum of mighty Ieyasu remains. Much of its glory, however, has departed. A number of buildings, including the abbot's palace, have been destroyed by fire. The immense revenues of earlier days ceased with the Restoration, so that now priestly attendants are pitifully few, and necessary repairs are made at government expense. Petty tolls and fees, the sale of illustrated booklets, and similar expedients for adding small sums to the treasury taint the atmosphere of sanctity. Yet doubtless what remains will be preserved long after the ideas for which Ieyasu stood have been fully supplanted. That such a time is far distant, witness the throngs of pilgrims. They do not journey hundreds of miles merely to view beautiful temple buildings, but to render homage to a great national hero.

To me these pilgrim visitors were more fascinating than all the bewildering richness of gold and red and green and blue. I never tired of watching them. Many, evidently, were plain country folk, simply dressed men and women who followed the conducting guide about with open-mouthed credulity and becoming reverence. They were poor people, apparently, field-workers, yet laying out a few pennies here and there for charms for the shrine at home and trinkets to take back to the children. There were

many such companies, presumably from all parts of Japan; and more numerous still were bands of school children and students, accompanied by their instructors. Wonderfully decorous were these young people, quiet and orderly to a degree that would astound American youth. I am told that excursions to places of national interest are a regular part of the educational scheme, a very practical, wholesome way of teaching history, patriotism, and reverence for ancestors. No matter where one goes, he will find these tourist bands. The railroads transport them at very low rates and hotels make liberal concessions. It is a wise custom which might well be adopted even in our own big country.

In an album of colored views purchased in one of the temples occurs this significant statement in quaint English, evidently from a priestly pen: "The grand architectural wonder, as is seen today, owed to the zeal and policy of the all-powerful third Shogun, who demanded the alloted contributions to his three hundred Lords. The expenses used here were large enough to exhaust all the war funds the Lords put aside." Allotted contributions designed to exhaust the war funds of mighty Lords, and merely incidentally to give grandfather a respectable burial! So that explains why Lord Masatsuma planted cryptomerias for twenty years, and Lord Nagamasa erected the huge stone torii, and Lord Tadakatsu contributed a trifle in the shape of a five-storied

pagoda, and Lord Katsushige a 120,000 yen sacred lavatory? The King of Korea was let off with a bell, and what the King of the Loo-choo Islands gave, I have forgotten, but it cost him a pretty penny, no doubt. It all somehow reminds one of that cat, carved above the doorway through which one passes to reach the Shogun's tomb—a cat shamming sleep.

The two Shoguns are not the only dignitaries buried at Nikko, nor are their mausolea the only shrines. But there is a limit to the enjoyment one can get out of proud memorials to sacred ashes. It is a positive relief to slip away and go whistling down the busy village street. Live people, after all, are mighty interesting, especially children. I am not quite sure now that I fully understand the game of jacks as it is played in Nikko, though three little girls tried hard to teach me, a shopkeeper's trio sitting in what might have been the show window if there had been any glass front. Certain it is that you must laugh a great deal and not hope to make all the beans stay on the back of a hand that is much too old for jacks. Then there are the photographers' shops and the curio shops, and the really wonderful stores where one may spend a fortune in no time. "Two bits! two bits, Mary; remember that is the limit," I overhear a little Californian say to his tall wife, who is looking at silver chains. Ten minutes later it was "Two yen, Mary; nothing over two."

Two bits is but fifty cents, two yen is a dollar. And I know full well that within an hour or so Mary will be saying, "No, John, fifty dollars is too much. Remember that we haven't done Hongkong yet, nor Manila." A month hence he will be cabling home for money.

The most fascinating wares, it seemed to me, were the product of woodcarvers, quite possibly the lineal descendants of workmen who made beautiful the Shoguns' mausolea. Such tempting things in lacquer—tables, boxes, trays, picture frames! And a very nice feature is that the visitor may, without offense, step in and see carvers at work. At one place a workman with three or four little chisels was carving wooden plates at a rate uncanny. Ten minutes sufficed for a good representation of the Sacred Bridge, the pilgrim path beyond, the foaming torrent, a tree or two, and all the mountains desirable, without a single pause to estimate distance. Plate, carving, and the fun of watching, all for ten cents; smaller ones for six!

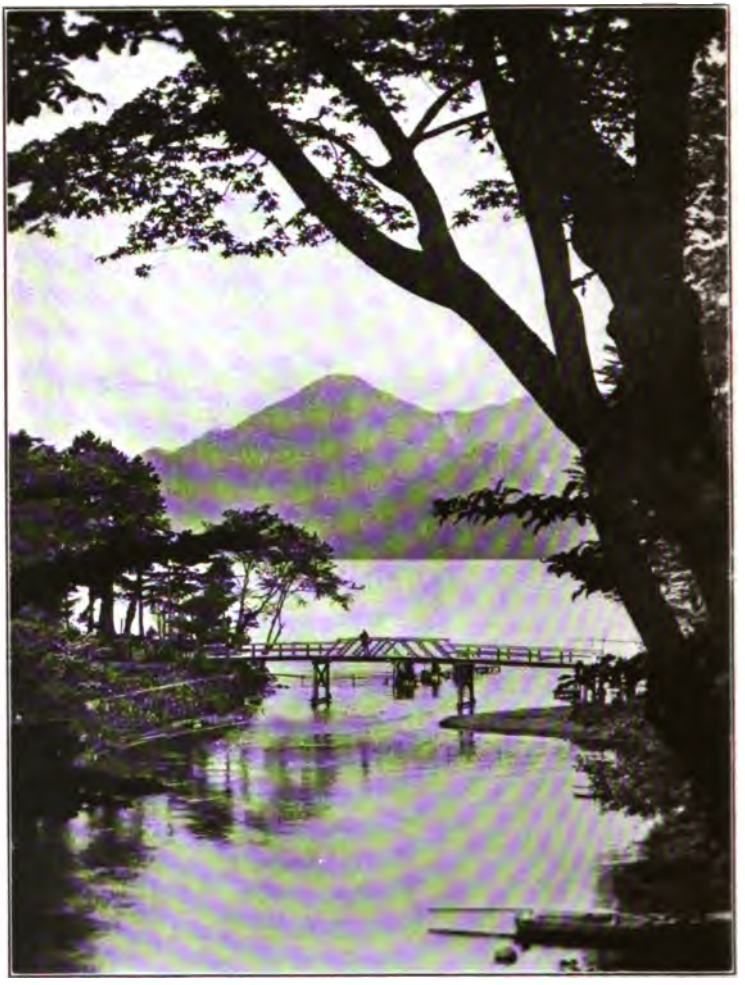
I had quite forgotten till reminded by my notebook that the first elaborate gateway just beyond the granite torii had a gilded ridgepole and red pillars, and that the brace of ugly gods guarding it, forming a horrid Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, were also red. In time, I fear, all details will slip from memory and but the haziest of general impressions remain. Will it be the same, I wonder, with that rarest of

dreamland wonders, Lake Chuzenji, which lies in the shadow of lofty Nantai-zan (8,460 feet), eight miles above Hachi-ishi.

An electric tram runs half-way, and the remaining distance is covered easily in a little over two hours. The road, built by the government at great expense, follows the river, at first in a long, straight stretch of comfortable pitch, occasionally crossing the stream or clinging to the face of a bold crag, but soon becomes a succession of hairpin turns, climbing so abruptly that often the traveler may look down and see several nearly parallel stretches of the Jacob's ladder. Wherever there is a particularly fine view of ravine or waterfall or crag, a teahouse has been perched where light refreshments are served, with the usual temptations in the line of walking sticks, post cards, fruits, and candies. These are well patronized, apparently, by the hundreds of tourists whom we meet—students in smart military costume, bands of country people suggesting Canterbury folk, and the solitary white-clad pilgrim with bell, scrip, and staff. A few of the well-to-do are in rikishas. An occasional packtrain, heavily burdened, ambles past.

Up and up the densely wooded slope the road zig-zags till at length it reaches a spongy plateau with a slight downward dip, where a few dwellings announce the outskirts of a village. Soon a diverging path leads to the neatest of resthouses

A temple gate at Nikko.



Lake Chuzenji.

near the edge of a verdant cliff. Approaching the rail on the very brink, where a score of beauty-loving Japanese are making no effort to restrain emotional ecstasy, we look upon one of the rarest sights in the kingdom, a stream that plunges with a roar two hundred fifty feet and fills the deep ravine with clouds of mist. Why attempt to describe it?

A twenty minute walk up the stream which makes this bold leap brings us to the lake, more beautiful still in a quieter way, walled in by steep slopes with cloudhidden crests, slopes everywhere green save that torrents have scoured out an occasional deep cut. One wide scar marks the landslip which, fifteen years ago, swept away a fine temple—pushed it, crushed, into the lake. Of course there is a village, a long, shabby street; for sacred Nantai-san is climbed each summer by thousands of the devout, all of whom must be lodged and fed. Standing aloof is a large hotel where the rich may go, and a few villas belonging to Europeans.

But the lake's the thing, clear, deep, silent. As we glide along in a primitive barge, the big square sail aft of the matting on which we are kneeling Orientally, now passing a little island shrine, now in the shadow a great wall of browns and greens with here and there a faint touch of early autumn brightness, now skirting a pebbly shore leading up to the daintiest of woodland temples, I try in vain to think of a more beautiful sheet of water. An eagle

wheels lazily about, far up in the clouds. Then comes a cold blast, swift gathering mists, and a dash of rain, no doubt a rude warning from tutelary spirits that beauty such as Chuzenji's should be glimpsed only. A few miles beyond is a second lake, and beyond that a third, merely a tarn in a mountain cup over a mile above the Pacific; but the weather is too threatening, the day too short. We hasten back down the zig-zag road, through clouds that conceal crag, cascade, and ravine as effectually as if all had been whisked away save the narrow road.

On my way to station the following morning, I turned for a last look at the Sacred Mountain. There it was, a wall of exquisite green. Yet even as I looked, it vanished in blue haze. Wonderful Nikko, truly a place of enchantment, a bit of dreamland sent to this world by mistake and sure, sooner or later, to vanish altogether.

CHAPTER VII

CHOPSTICKS

"THE last faint cloud in the world of physical phenomena has been blown away, the remotest cranny of the human mind inquisitively probed. Everything that never was on sea or land has been sung by numberless poets. Japanese food alone remains essentially *terra incognita*, the one mystery left in a universe grown shockingly familiar. Brave explorers have cautiously skirted here and there a bay; the few who boldly penetrate the interior never return. The one great book awaiting the pen of genius finer than the world has yet produced will bear the title *Cosmogony of Japanese Cooking*. When completed, it should be immediately suppressed."

This burst of mock eloquence came from the lips of the Californian's wife as we were lunching in a summerhouse on the shore of Lake Chuzenji. It was punctuated with appreciative bites out of dainty chicken sandwiches put up at the Nikko Hotel in neat wooden boxes, one box for each picnicker. Besides sandwiches, there were two eggs apiece, a rosy apple, a slice of chocolate roll, and little round boxes con-

taining a community supply of butter and mustard. Nothing could have been neater. The guide smiled as he looked at his own box, supplied by a Japanese inn. It was nearly full of rice, with a few vegetables occupying a corner lot, and a superimposed layer of eels, kindergarten length. By way of comment, I reached over and appropriated the nearest eel with thumb and finger, declining the quickly proffered chopsticks. It was delicious, sweet and tender as a Chuzenji trout, worthy of an epic such as Barlow wrote in praise of hasty pudding, though to speak of such ambrosia and coarse Indian meal in the same breath were sacrilege. I did begin a modest tribute which might have blossomed into a graceful sonnet containing, of course, a punning allusion to Charles Lamb, had not the inspiration of the moment been snapped short by horrified feminine invective. That eel was my unpremeditated introduction to Japanese cooking.

The Japanese inn has no dining-room, or perhaps it would be better to say that it is all dining-room, for the guest dines in his sleeping-room and sleeps in his dining-room, each being the other when it is not itself, or vice versa, and both serving as parlor when each is neither. I hope this is clear, and that the beautiful economy of the scheme is apparent. No midday meal is served except as a concession; that is, it appears prominently on the bill as an extra item. You are supposed to dine out, which is no

hardship to the tourist; loyalty to native land prompts him to seek at least one "European" meal a day. There are other motives which need not be mentioned.

No bell announces that supper is ready; instead, you ring a bell when your appetite is ready. The bell is really a push-button, failing to find which, you clap your hands as if in joyful anticipation. Sound carries where there are none but paper barriers. From far below comes a cheerful "Aiee!" and soon the maid arrives, her head appearing first, as the door slides gently back, a little below where the knob would be if there were one. Through the guide you inform her that you require food, discreetly refraining from specifying varieties but hoping for the best. Perhaps the guide informs her that it is your first meal in a Japanese inn and makes a few suggestions. One drawback in traveling with a native conservator is that you never know what he is saying to other natives and not always what he is trying to say to you. A look of pity sweeps the face of the girl as she merely glances at the honorable guide's honorable guest, rises from her kneeling position, and goes noiselessly forth. You hear her bare feet slip into the sandals as she slides shut the door, wondering the while whether the pity is for what you are soon to experience, or stirred by the thought of all the years you have lived in ignorance of true viandic bliss.

The interval between the ordering and the actual

delivery is fraught with horrible imaginings; but when you finally perceive that before you on the matting is a large tray filled with bowls, all laden, save one, and with strange cargo, conflicting emotions come thick and fast. You temporize. What a beautifully lacquered tray! What heavenly dishes! (You have no eye whatever for china, a plate is a plate; but you resolve to live up to your assumed ecstasy by beginning a soulful study of ceramics at the earliest opportunity.) A pause, and an involuntary sigh. The dishes form a complete octave; now which is *do?* Truthfully, politely, or ignorantly, the guide avers that it does not matter, there is no hard and fast sequence; but that, until used to them, it may be well to omit *re* and *sol.* The suggestion seems illogical, but kindly and timely. What is *sol?* It is raw fish in thin pink slices, delicious when dipped in soy, but foreigners do not care for it at first. "With my compliments," you say graciously, handing over to him the pink slices. And *re?* He does not know the English name; it is a blend of condiments. *Re* follows *sol.* Two courses disposed of; you are progressing famously. Is he sure that the rest is harmless? He is reasonably sure.

Looking around for knife, fork, and spoon, you suddenly remember. In Japanese, I am told, the same word means both bridge and chopsticks. It is as easy, at first, to eat with one as with the other, the odds possibly favoring the bridge. Taking a stick

Tea Pickers.

They have been told to "look pleasant" and find it easy to do so.

Sorting cocoons.

in each hand, drummer fashion, is strictly against the rules; they should be wielded simultaneously by the right hand. No, not that way, please, but like this, sir, one held firmly between the second and third fingers, the other loosely, like a pen, between thumb and the tips of fingers one and two. Thus they become elongated digits, serving as tongs, scissors, spade, spear, and ladle. It looks simple. You try, and fail. The guide may be wrong; he admits that his mother still scolds him because he does not chopstick like other people. You guessed it, and straightway appeal to the maid, who is mightily pleased and proceeds to give a private lesson, all but putting a piece of seaweed into your mouth. But seaweed, even when thus administered, does not appeal to you strongly at that particular moment; so you draw back just in time.

Again you try—and fail. Finally, selecting a moment when the guide and maid are engaged in animated conservation—she is a merry creature and very sociable—you quickly raise a bowl of soup and drain it, poling back more questionable solid portions with the sticks. A moment later you are amazed to see the guide doing the very same thing, though more deliberately and thoroughly; a final dexterous shove with the crochet needles, and all the solid parts are swept in with the liquid stream. Emboldened by this brilliant success, you tackle what proves to be a primary grade lobster and succeed in bridging it in.

Really chopsticks are not half bad, provided full advantage be taken of every accident. Boldness, strategy, accident—that is the whole secret, plus an occasional surreptitious use of the fingers.

I have never been able to eat in comfort with a waiter standing in back, serving as nurse, prompter, inspector, critic, phrenologist, mind reader. The skull is thinnest at the back, where the stomach nerves, presumably, have their home base; at any rate, the waiter is uncannily skillful as a nerve-tapper, anticipating the simplest wish—replenishing the butter, recruiting clean forks and mustering out soiled ones, filling the glass before it is empty, picking up the napkin that has slipped from trembling knees, et cetera, et cetera. Each table should be supplied with a mirror. It could be tilted against the merry-go-round castor, brought back from long and ill-merited banishment for this particular purpose. Or perhaps a lap periscope could be arranged—or the waiter banished altogether. The cafeteria is the ideal plan.

At the Japanese hotel the waitress does not stand in back; she sits in the open, not in ambush, directly in front of the tray, flanked by a bucket of rice and conveniently near the teapot. Without seeming to do the unusual, she observes every move you make, partly through idle curiosity, but mainly with the affectionate interest of a young mother watching her first child just learning to use a gold

bowled spoon with a monogram on the handle. And she is incontinently sociable, oftentimes, which is embarrassing, especially when the guide is not present to bear the brunt of the attack. Courtesy demands that you talk too; so both go at it, each in a tongue unknown to the other. There is a certain pleasure in saying to a lady's face precisely what you please without fear of detection. It makes for honesty. And yet where neither understands the other, conversation is something like playing tennis without any balls. Repartee becomes a new art, and sallies of wit are futile.

Anywhere in Japan, clapping the hands will bring to your aid a god or a waitress, according as you may be at a Shinto shrine or a Japanese inn. There is no signal meaning dismissal, no polite term the equivalent of our *shoo!* But there are subterfuges. For example, you can tilt an imaginary bottle and make a thirsty gurgle, whereupon the maid will go after drink, and during her absence you can lay aside chopsticks and eat a nicely browned fish in an easy, natural manner. If she returns bringing Sapporo beer, you then shake your head politely, whereupon she removes the beer and goes after tan-san, which enables you to get up and limp about the room on legs that have long since lost all normal sensation. Legs are entirely superfluous at a Japanese dinner; the hip joints are hinged the wrong way. It is distinctly impolite to sit with the table in your lap.

Holes in the floor for the shins to slip through would be a great relief, and would furnish the room below with interesting stalactite ornamentation. In some matters the Japanese are singularly uninventive. Another method of diverting attention from your first attempts in chopstick jiujitsu is to retaliate by giving the maid her first lesson in English. Chrysanthemum is a good word to begin with; it lasts through several meals. But the supremely successful artifice—strange that the guidebooks do not mention it—is to place before the dusky Atalanta a pack of beautifully tinted postcards illustrating the latest creations in the line of costumes worn by Japanese women. Equipped with such an easily procurable charm, one may eat unobserved, as comfortably as if he were in solitary confinement.

But to return. That lobster, dipped in soy (soy is a sort of sweetened Worcestershire sauce with the Worcester carefully eliminated) was almost as palatable as its remote cousin, the eel. The seaweed relish was unobjectionable, and the other things interesting in various ways, entertaining, or at least engaging the attention of, several prominent senses. Nothing is more potent to make one realize how provincial the senses are than foreign cooking.

It is perhaps unnecessary to go further into details; certainly I shall attempt no complete catalogue of the amphibian miscellany found in Japan's menu card. There is no bread, of course, no pie, no recog-

nizable cake, no beef except in tiny bits, no mutton save as an interloper. Potatoes of three kinds are served, sweets, "village," and orthodox. A field of village potatoes looks like a lot of rhubarb plants aspiring to be callas. Potatoes, like nearly everything else, are disguised in soy. Soy is the mighty shogun among flavors, its dominance never disputed save by rice, which is bulky, glutinous, tasteless. There are many vegetables, beans and radishes in particular. The radishes are sometimes two feet long and weigh several pounds. They are used as digestives. Eggs, fowls wild and domestic, fish of all kinds from snails to whales—oh the variety is quite sufficient, more than sufficient; practically everything that sprouts, runs, swims, or flies is considered edible. I do not condemn; I simply marvel. That I have aesthetic scruples against pickled chrysanthemums is purely a personal matter; it should not deter others. Each is entitled to his own palate. I once saw a peasant and his son busily engaged in catching grasshoppers, or perhaps they were crickets. "Bamboo," I enquired of my rikisha man, "what are they gathering crickets for?" "Dinner," he replied with a hungry grin.

Eating at a hotel is very simple; it is done to appease hunger and is soon over. It is not really an event but an attending circumstance. The great unquestioned tradition-honored function of the average hotel is to furnish bath and bed. For real

feasting, unconfined by the narrow boundaries of mere hunger, the restaurant's the thing—a bedless place consecrated to Epicurus and the muses, where one orders what he wishes and waits an hour or more while it is being prepared, meanwhile chatting, smoking, drinking, enjoying the beauties of a wonderful little garden—if it is afternoon—forgetting time. You may order geisha girls to play, sing, dance, laugh, flatter, fascinate. When things are ready, the food is served in courses, each an elaborate feast. It is very jolly and sometimes noisy. As for the bill, it will be amazingly large, but—forget it. Let joy be unconfined. More sake, pretty one! Of course I write from hearsay.

But come with me to a modern Japanese restaurant of a different type, designed for business men and women, and for families who go shopping in the evening and have not much money to spend. At one side of the entrance is a counter with a butcher in attendance where uncooked meat in thin slices is displayed. The tiny vestibule has a beautifully polished floor, and beautifully polished is the steep staircase up which we mount in our stocking feet and enter one of several neatly matted rooms. There are no chairs, no tables, but comfortable cushions and wonderful tablettes, two feet by four or so and perhaps fifteen inches high. One-third of this miniature is taken up with a sunken firepot and a little sunken reservoir containing water. Be seated, please, on

this side and I will take that. In comes the maid with glowing coals and soon we have a nice warm fire, grateful in December weather, and on top of the fire a spider. Maid No. 2 brings a tureen of soy, a platter of thin steaks—it must be steak or chicken; if some other specialty is desired, we must go elsewhere—bowls of vegetables, a little dish of relishes, a pot of tea and two cups, a generous box of rice with bowls to go with it, and chopsticks twain for each.

Since I am host, permit me. Into the spider goes the soy, then the meat and the vegetables, till the spider is full, and soon the whole is bubbling merrily. It is all very simple; an occasional poke is sufficient to see that each choice bit gets its full share of the heat. Quite like a chafing-dish dinner, isn't it? In ten minutes, everything is beautifully done. The maid forgot the plates? Bless you, no. Dip right in; the spider is the spider, but also platter, and also plate, yours, mine. Isn't it good? Here, you pagan, chopsticky on your own side; that nicely browned morsel is mine. More rice, please; you are nearest the box. What! not satisfied? Well, there is plenty more—except soy. Clap your hands, please; I'm busy. The maid brings more soy, the spider is refilled with meat and vegetables, and the feast goes merrily on. It has been a fine meal, you admit, as, at the end of an hour, we descend the banisterless stairway and slip on our shoes.

Professor H—— of Waseda College introduced me

to the restaurant just described, on a memorable day spent in rambling the narrower streets of Tokyo. It ended with a long evening at his home near the Women's College where his wife once taught. I have seldom enjoyed more gracious hospitality—hospitality with a glint of sadness; for the mother of the pretty little fairy in bright kimono who ran gaily in and out of the room where we dined, occasionally stopping and "opening wide" for a choice bit from her papa's chopsticks, had succumbed to the white scourge that sweeps Japan even more relentlessly than it does our own poor land. It would round out this sketch were I to describe the truly sumptuous meal, in preparing which no effort had been spared. But home hospitality is sacred, doubly so when touched with grief. Were mine a finer pen, I should like to describe the face, beautiful, keenly intellectual, yet softened with womanly tenderness, which looked down from the wall of the little study where these two gifted souls once worked together so happily for the uplift of their native land.

Looking back over the trail of meals Japanese, begun with that tiny Chuzenji eel and ended in the home of my friend, one feature stands out more clearly than any other. It is not the novelty and mystery of strange foods apparently including portions of everything except minerals and a few of the hard-

wood trees; nor the commonly futile, at times almost tragical, efforts to persuade chopsticks to do the work of knife, fork, and spoon; nor the joint-pangs inevitably associated with feeding off the floor—none of these, but the dull, dull, day after day loneliness of dining without the attendant prattle of children who call you father, and the presence of a presiding genius in becoming gown to pour the coffee—coffee the aroma of which does not remind you of plates left too long in the warming oven, nor of the atmosphere which comes home from the cleaner's with the old blue suit that you have decided to wear out again, now that the price of potatoes has soared to two seventy-five a bushel.

CHAPTER VIII

AFTER APPLES

THE Japanese pear looks like a large russet apple and tastes like raw potato. Probably it is doing the best it can and should be encouraged to go on. In time it will discover that it has been ill-advised as to flavor; a millenium or two may soften its disposition to the point of easy dental penetration. It may even grow a neck, and change its hue to one of bartlett yellow. Already notable progress has been made; its stem is perfect. But evolution is a long process. This young Alexander of a pear is to be congratulated on the vast stages of progress which lie before it.

Nothing short of a truly red letter day was it which brought the discovery that there were apples in Japan. It was like meeting an old friend from back home, or better, a distant relative of an old friend, not over prosperous but still bearing an unmistakable family resemblance. My first bite was an emotional event. Though the flavor suggested that in Japan, where so many things are topsy-turvy, apple trees must bear fruit underground rather than up aloft,

Before entering the house, slip off your clogs, please.

Peasant woman of northern Japan.

it was sufficiently satisfying to start a train of reminiscence concerning the fruit which ripens on New England hillsides, and the amber nectar of a certain cidermill in the Farmington valley. Unconsciously I took unto myself the marvellous flavors of baldwin, greening, pippin, and spy, transmuting each into a personal virtue. In short, I was guilty of bragging. My guide, a perfect gentleman, quietly remarks that better apples are to be found farther north. Immediately he is requested to look up time-tables.

We arise before light to catch the five o'clock express out of Sendai. The day coach is crowded with sleeping passengers. There are berth compartments on the train, but perhaps this is an overflow meeting; or are the seats in the day coach preferable to the congested sleeper where even the double berths are singularly narrow, the bedding mediaeval German, and the atmosphere sometimes ancient Tuscan. One by one the travelers rouse themselves, crawl out of their blankets, pull on their stiff ankle-socks, and proceed to brush their teeth, using powder liberally but apparently in some cases no water. The brush, a long-handled affair, has a pliable razor-like section back of the bristles, designed to be used as a tongue-scraper. It is very dear to the Japanese. When he is packed away in sitting posture for his last long journey, the mourning relatives thoughtfully place near at hand a few things to

add to his comfort: grains of rice, a photograph of his wife, his toothbrush. At least, the guide says so. Teeth attended to, and each passenger having taken his turn at the diminutive washroom, blankets are rolled up and pillows disinflated. There is frank recognition on the part of all that day has come, and with it a desire to eat. Our breakfast in the diner begins with apples, the best yet. In Mikado Land, latitude may be calculated with reasonable accuracy by carefully noting the size, color, flavor, and abundance of the apple.

We are booked for Aomori, the nothernmost port of the main island. The time-table shows that it is a journey of about two hundred forty miles and will take nine and one-half hours. The guidebook explains that the train will run north through the valley of the Kita-kami-gawa, a river about one hundred seventy-five miles long, flowing south into the bay of Sendai, "a ready means of transport for the produce of the large area drained by it"; that at Nakayama (140 miles) an altitude of fifteen hundred feet will be reached, whence there is a rapid descent through another valley into the northern lowlands. Much of the time the road will follow the Oshu Kaido, an ancient highway. In my notebook I find the following car-window record, so detailed that it reads like a penitential atonement for days of neglect. In Japan, as elsewhere, keeping a diary is only less irksome than keeping an expense account. It is

given practically verbatim, except that, wherever it is undecipherable, emendations have been ventured upon.

5:30—Rice fields, sometimes in great tracts faintly suggesting our Middle West; in the hillier country, where terraces are necessary, smaller ones. After harvest, when water stands in the fields, the earthen ridges separating plot from plot form a curious pattern suggesting a large honeycomb worked by bees not over-good in mathematics. The little watery planes, no two shaped quite alike, are dotted with stubble. The newly harvested rice lies in bundles on higher ground, straddles the partitioning ridges, or hangs from bamboo fences from four to twenty feet high. We pass an occasional village of thatched roofs closely huddled, with patches of beans in neighborly proximity and an occasional orchard, the branches tied to trestles, arbor fashion—pears, perhaps. No apple trees recognizable as yet. Practically no fences, no stone walls whatever, no barns to speak of, no hayfields, no pasture land; and what could a poet possibly do with a land where there are no chimneys with smoke from the pastoral hearth curling forth.—A narrow stream with banks of smooth-worn volcanic stone; cryptomeria groves; an occasional patch of small maples, their leaves just beginning to turn.—Rain.—Neatly kept railway stations, some of them apparently on the outskirts of villages.—Low-lying hills beyond the level valleys.

Occasional glimpses of a country road of the pike variety. A few groves of young bamboo, hand planted. The sun is trying half-heartedly to break through the leaden clouds.

6:00—The valley opens into a second ditto with a sizeable river flowing through it, which means wide rice fields, miles and miles of ground apparently perfectly level. Grain here is stacked about poles, like salt marsh hay, though the stacks are slenderer. As we get farther north, isolated farmhouses become more common. When half concealed by a protecting screen of pines, they look most inviting. A flooded brook on the left feeds a narrow irrigation canal.—Country is getting a bit rugged, the hills bolder. Occasional patches of mulberry.

6:30—Soil becoming noticeably poorer; pasture lands here and there, but no stock in evidence. Country roads muddy.—Lowlands again, with rice fields; then more hilly country. Now a narrow valley, now a wide one with a diked river running through. I see practically no fowls, no pigs, no livestock of any kind.—Apples. [Whether seen, eaten, or thought of, is not stated; perhaps all three.]

8:00—Country a bit wilder; we are among hills fairly high. Occasional orchards, cherry and orange. The cherry trees may be plum—or peach. The guide is strangely ignorant concerning fruit, but strong on cereals. All strange growths near cottages he calls beans or potatoes indiscriminately; it is an obvious

subterfuge.—River with wide pebbly shores.—Now passing through fairly pleasant country with broad fields; here and there a farmhouse.

9:40—Morioka, an important town of 36,500 inhabitants, prettily situated in a plain guarded by Gunja-san, which is, from its regular logarithmic curves, a beautiful object. The structure of the mountain may be compared to three joints of a telescope, there being a lower thick cone, then a rim or crater, then a second cone followed by a second rim or crater, and finally a third cone. The top is really the knife-like edge of another crater, one-half mile in diameter, in whose crater rises a small cone breached on one side. The foothills are green, the slopes higher up green or pink, the top hidden in clouds. [Suspecting that so much of Gunja-san could not possibly have come through a car window, I have investigated and found that part of the description is pilfered from Murray. I apologize—but retain the description.] Between us and the mountain is a grassy moor dotted with small pines. Near Morioka station are fields of grass, not often seen in Japan, divided by walls of respectable height, apparently built of sods.—Apples. [Probably these came through the car window and not from Murray. It is a famous fruit region, though the orchards are not in evidence from the train.]

10:30—Praises be! I see clumps of graceful white birches.—There's a big irrigation waterwheel in

yonder field, undershot.—Houses hereabout are of white or brown cement, quite English in effect. Little fields of millet cling to the steeper slopes. We are among the Scottish moors. No, it is the Boston and Albany road between Springfield and Pittsfield. There's Becket!

10:45—Very steep grade through moorlands; small trees and bushes only.—Nakayama, summit of the pass, 1500 feet above sea level. Now down we rush through a narrow valley, its sides occasionally well wooded, passing a very poor house now and then, with fields to match. Mists are closing in after a few hours of weak sunshine.—Forlorn hamlet. Tunnels. More prosperous hamlet. Mountain brook dashes along, now to the left, now to the right.—Better farming region now, with rice again. Wonderful how some of the cultivated patches are made to stick to the steep slopes. The valley is opening up.

11:15—Ichi-no-he. What a name! Grain stacks hereabouts suggest large forces in light khaki, manoeuvering in open formation. The brook is widening to a river, but the valley is closing in once more. Some of the steep slopes are bare, scoured by torrents.—Fruit country, quince and apple. Architecturally the apple trees are disappointingly scrimy. The train is leaping the river at frequent intervals.—Lumber mill ahoy! More apple orchards, very diminutive.

The water-wheel is a familiar sight.

The railway near Aomori.

A tidal wave is nothing to a bronze Buddha. He sits serene, though his temple home is swept away.

12:00—Flat country again, one huge plain of yellow, rain-beaten rice.

12:30—More New England country, rolling hills, and flat lowlands. A few horses in a distant pasture, but no sheep nor cattle.—Hello, here's a lake of respectable size. On ahead I see a rugged mountain range with several fine peaks.—Snowsheds; it must be cold up this way in winter time. Stones on the roofs of dwellings in the hamlet just passed suggest that the wind blows, too.—It is surprising how few people we have seen since starting.

1:30—Aomori Bay at last—beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! And now for apples.

We found them without looking. Women and girls were selling them at street corners, half a peck or so tied up in loosely braided reeds. There were stores where apples could be had by the box, dozen, or bin. It was fine fruit, sound, red hued, well-flavored. "Guide," I said at last, "these apples are of Puritan ancestry. Their forefathers must have journeyed hither in a missionary barrel. It was a wise providence; few things are better for the inner man."

"The best apples," remarked the guide irrelevantly, "are grown in Hokkaido."

"Let us go to Hokkaido."

CHAPTER IX

A MADE-IN-AMERICA TOWN

No one with even half an eye for the beautiful thinks of questioning the myths which affirm that the gods made Japan. Of course they did. But the gods were ever an impractical lot, given to frittering away time in shaping mountains and rivers and cherry blossoms when they might better have been attending agricultural colleges and schools for cooking. Their motives were doubtless irreproachable, but they lacked sagacious foresight. Man cannot live on beauty alone. It takes a heap of rice to satisfy seventy millions.

Everywhere are mountains, mountains, mountains. They lord it over the landscape. From sky-line to lowest foothill their soft green slopes are beautiful to gaze at, but it is a clear case of monopoly. And down through ravine and narrow valley lunge torrents which broaden into rivers extravagantly wide that dawdle through the lowlands where every precious inch is under cultivation. In some regions it is almost pathetic to see how the women, who live closer to the gods than do the men, and therefore

must have beauty, grow flowers along the ridgepoles of their thatched roof homes, while their husbands outdo ingenuity in making little patches of grain cling to hillsides well-nigh vertical. The sea, though occasionally its bottom heaves and sends a mammoth wave shoreward that wrecks villages and leaves a bronze Buddha basking in the sun where once stood a proud temple, is, on the whole, a practical, beneficent sea, abounding in fish and great floating ribbons of delectable vegetation. But man cannot live on fish and seaweed alone. No, the gods made a mess of it, though admittedly a pretty mess. The beautiful mountains are too broad, the plains too narrow. With population increasing at the rate of over half a million a year, the food problem is one of permanent importance.

But the gods are often better than they are painted. In the present case an advocate might consider the charge of divine negligence well refuted in the one word Hokkaido. Hokkaido is the northernmost of the larger islands making up Japan, easily reached in five hours by steamer from Aomori. It is a fine large island, its thousand mile coastline circumscribing territory about equal to that of Maine, with Rhode Island thrown in for honest measure. From its eastern extremity the thirty or more Kuriles form giant stepping-stones to Kamchatka; a narrow strait separates it on the north from Sagahlien, the southern half of which is also Japanese territory. There are

mountains, of course, volcanic of course, one chain entering by way of the Kuriles, the other by way of Sagahlien; and there are enormous beds of coal, a wealth of precious metals not yet estimated, and vast tracts of primeval forest. Finally there are seven fertile plains watered by some of the longest rivers in the Mikado's realm. The gods made Hokkaido as well as the rest of Japan, completed it last of all, geologists affirm, and by way of finishing grace bestowed a New England climate. Yet there are men now living who recall a time when this wonderful island was considered practically a waste, valueless tract, the home of the semi-barbarous Ainu and the wild animals they hunted. Aside from two or three seaports there were no towns of any importance. That was fifty years ago. The story of the development of Hokkaido is of peculiar interest to all Americans. It runs briefly as follows:

In 1870, two years after the American fleet so rudely forced open the ports of Japan, the Mikado appointed General Kuroda Vice-Governor of Hokkaido. The Vice-Governor lost no time in exploring the practically unknown country entrusted to him and soon reached two conclusions, first that the island was worth colonizing, second that he was too inexperienced to attempt an undertaking so novel. Accordingly he persuaded the Government to send a number of promising young men abroad to prepare for this important work. He even went himself to

America to study our methods of developing the West. Soon after his return General Capron, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, was engaged to visit Hokkaido, study the problem at close range, and act as adviser to the Colonial office. It was he who introduced American stock, American crops (including apples), American farm tools, and started the great movement toward "scientific, systematic, and practical agriculture," a movement involving the establishment of an agricultural college, model farms, and experimental stations. Forty American experts were employed by the government.

Sapporo, the center of the colonizing scheme, is a made-to-order town. It did not grow from hamlet to village, from village to city; it sprang up in obedience to official fiat. American engineers planned it; with reason may it be called a made-in-America town. The site chosen was a fertile inland plain with a river to afford drainage, and the usual setting of beautiful hills. Before a house was erected, streets and avenues intersecting at right angles were laid out, sidewalks, shade trees, and all, with generous provision for parks. The avenues were 160 ft. wide. Then followed buildings, not a few of them brick or granite. No pains were spared to make this capital city a model. Roads were built, and American engineers began the construction of a railway system since extended to include a thousand miles of track.

Of particular interest is the early development of the educational plant. It too was made in America. In 1876 Amherst Agricultural College was persuaded to lend its president for one year, and within a few months Dr. Clark opened the doors of a new Amherst, "Sapporo Agricultural College," to twenty-four picked young men. The faculty numbered six, Dr. Clark and two American associates making up the teaching force. At the end of the busy year, one of the associates succeeded Dr. Clark as president, and soon other Americans went out to join in the pioneer work.

The College is now fifty years old and no longer serves merely as the nucleus of a colonizing scheme. Its official title is the *College of Agriculture, Tohoku Imperial University*, the University proper being in Sendai. Over nine hundred students, chosen in sharp competitive examination, are in attendance. The faculty numbers one hundred forty. I find the names of but two foreign instructors, and they are connected with the preparatory school. Sixty-seven are graduates of the college, fourteen are graduates of American universities, and many have studied or traveled abroad. The President, Shosuke Sato (Ph. D. Johns Hopkins), was one of the twenty-four who entered the little school fifty years ago. He, it will be remembered, was Japan's second Exchange Professor to America. Dr. Nitobe, first Exchange Professor, graduated from Sapporo a year later than President

Government buildings at Sapporo.

The college campus.

A fisherman's home of the poorer type.

Sato. Of the 2,527 graduates not a few are now men of great prominence.

The College catalogue lies before me. It is well illustrated. Agriculture, Economics, Biology, Chemistry, Forestry, Zootechny, Fishery, Civil Engineering, each has its building. There is a library building, a museum of natural history, etc., etc. Interesting glimpses are given of botanical gardens, of model farms, and lands devoted to practical forestry. Most attractive of all is the college yard, with fine large elms adding grace and dignity. The "landed property" in 1914 totaled 312,753 acres, including eight "farms" leased to over a thousand tenants, six forests, including one in Korea and one in Sagahlien, and a site for a marine experimental station.

Sapporo of today is an attractive town of 71,000 inhabitants—attractive, but somewhat fallen from grace. The great central park might be better kept. The main street has its tawdry section of little stores. There are poor homes in Sapporo as elsewhere. There are sections which do not look "thrifty"; there is no air of easy prosperity.

Has the government's ambitious colonizing scheme proved successful? The population of Hokkaido is, according to the last census, about 600,000. There are more than twice as many crowded into the bustling city of Osaka. Hakodate (91,000), Otaru (80,000), and Muroran (21,000) are apparently thriving seaports; but inland towns do not prosper.

The seven great plains have hardly been scratched. Such farms as one sees from the car window do not suggest wide-spread prosperity. There are those who claim that the bottom has fallen out of the colonizing scheme; I am inclined to think that this may be true, but that the next fifty years will witness a marked change for the better. Japan needs wealth, and the natural resources of Hikkaido are extremely rich.

What is the explanation of the apparent failure? I can but repeat what wiser heads have advanced. Hokkaido is a cold country; the Japanese, accustomed to paper walled houses and little firepots, do not take kindly to snow and piercing winds. The soil of Hokkaido is fertile, though perhaps not so fertile as was once thought; but it will not grow rice successfully nor other food products dear to the Japanese. The ground, to be profitably worked, calls for modern machinery, which the peasant does not like, nor has he, in many cases, the money necessary to secure an outfit. It is probably true, moreover, that the Japanese peasants do not possess the inventive pluck, the independent spirit so necessary for pioneering. They love old ways, they love the homeland, they love to huddle among their kind.

But Sapporo Agricultural College is an unquestioned success. Colonizing is bound to come, has come, in Formosa, Korea, and elsewhere. Leaders are necessary who understand practical agriculture.

A people living under a government the most paternal in all the world lack the individual initiative so common in our country; they must be directed along new ways when old ways no longer lead to comfortable, profitable living. It is to be hoped, however, that even under new leadership the people will retain their love for beautiful things, even the mountains which lift their heads where it would be more convenient to have fields of rice, and the rivers that take such an extravagantly wide course in their journey to the sea.

CHAPTER X

THE GENTLE AINU

TRAINS in Hokkaido run cautiously, as if fearing to offend the smaller towns by inadvertently rushing by without giving the conductor opportunity to pass the time of day with the neatly uniformed station-master. It takes ten hours to go from Hakodate, the principal seaport, to Sapporo, the inland capital, a distance of 179 miles.

But it is not a tedious trip. The view is ever changing. There are regions that need but a second Sir Walter to make them as famous as the Trossachs. For many miles the road skirts Volcano Bay with its terrible necklace of suspicious-looking cones. Here, as elsewhere in Japan, the fishing hamlets along the sandy shore are miserable affairs, picturesque however, as poverty is likely to be when not viewed from too short a range. Finally there are great stretches of prairie country, fields under cultivation, though lacking the trim neatness of Hondo rice farms.

When darkness closes in, there are still fellow passengers to study, each a mystery furnishing play

for the imagination. Note, for example, the charming little family group across the aisle, father in European dress, sweet-faced mother in dainty native costume, and son of six, also in European clothes. Evidently they are educated people of means. How courteous the man is to his wife. The boy, sturdy rascal, is afflicted with perpetual hunger; he'll surely pop unless his indulgent parents reduce his rations.

Less attractive is their neighbor, a well-seasoned old fisherman with head close cropped and beardless face. Evidently he too is prosperous, temporarily at least, and is celebrating in a semi-private way. How comfortable he looks, folded into sitting position on the car seat, face to the pane like little Mabel in the poem. A smile plays about his features, as if he were journeying to meet friends to whom he is carrying a gift. With regret we note that the windowsill soon becomes a private bar. From a quart container brought forth from his capacious carry-all he pours a small libation into a diminutive bowl, sips it down, providently refills the bowl, places it on the sill and covers it with a slip of paper, then returns the bottle to the carry-all, with fortitude stowing it far down beneath miscellaneous wearing apparel. No harm, surely, in sampling the neck of a bottle designed for friends. Three minutes later the retainer reappears; the little bowl is emptied, refilled, neatly covered; then

back to the depths of the carry-all goes the dwindling supply. Oh Rip, Rip, Rip! At the end of two happy hours the flask is under the seat, empty, and the tippler is neatly employed with paper towel cleaning the front of his kimono. There has been a slight accident due to an unexpected jolt. He pauses to say to my guide, "I am sorry to make such an exhibition before the American gentleman. It is a very bad habit, this sake drinking." Having thus squared accounts with an apology unquestionably handsome, he brings forth a second flask, evidently whiskey, and proceeds with continued clock-like regularity to add a superstructure of Occidental spirituous culture to the well-laid foundation of Oriental sake.

At Otaru, a seaport 159 miles up the line, a group of young Englishmen board the train, their guns and duffle announcing a week-end among the marshes. They are fine healthy fellows, overgrown boys at thirty, mingling talk about ducks with brave boasting about petty victories won by their countrymen in French fields. How different their manner from that of the broken-voiced German with whom, weeks later, I was to spend a lonely afternoon at Lake Hakone.

For a few miles beyond Sapporo there are more or less carefully cultivated fields. One recalls a lumber town or two, an occasional river, and hills sometimes close at hand, sometimes forming a dis-

tant horizon. Swamizawa, where the main line north is left for the branch that circles back to Muroran at the mouth of Volcano Bay, is a grimy center for neighboring coal mines. Then come, a little farther on, fascinating views of distant mountains, and finally the surf-rolling Pacific.

From Sapporo to Muroran is a run of 112 miles. Following tourist custom, we break the journey by stopping over one train at Shiraoi, a coast village of no importance except that on its outskirts is one of the larger Ainu settlements. The Ainu are the near-but-not-quite aborigines of Japan, the Pit Dwellers alone disputing the title of greatest antiquity. The dispute is not one of extreme violence, for the last Pit Dweller disappeared from earth ages ago. The Ainu were once a powerful race inhabiting the main island, but in the early years of Japanese history they were driven farther and still farther north by physically inferior but numerically stronger foes, just as Pict and Scot retreated before Saxon, and the Red Man before New World settlers. Only a few thousand remain, pathetic dregs, their shabby villages being found here and there in Hokkaido, the Kuriles, and Sagahlien. They are a gentle people, the guidebook affirms, "submissive, courteous, and harmless," and adds that it is well to take along the station boy as interpreter and a bag of candy for the children.

The station boy declines, but passes us on to a

little provision store a few rods away. The proprietor accepts. There are no candies to be had, but he thinks little cakes will do. Possibly this was our first slip. I should never venture again without candy for the children, wrist-watches for the women, sake for the men, and a police squad for myself. I should walk behind the squad in going and return in front of it.

Ten minutes down the main street brings us to open fields bordering the sandy beach where, scattered about in accidental array, are perhaps fifty huts big and little, primitive structures with discouraged garden plots adjacent. The roofs are of thatch, the layers arranged shingle fashion; the sides too are of similar construction. The normal equipment seems to be one small window and one or two low, narrow doorways. The first native that we see is a shabbily dressed woman of middle age digging potatoes. She looks "gentle, submissive, courteous, and harmless," to which array of adjectives might be added *odd;* for, as is common among Ainu women, a mustache of generous Teutonic proportions, tattooed in light blue, adorns her upper lip, and a somewhat similar decoration is seen below the mouth. The scheme is not wholly unbecoming, certainly far more so than the blackened teeth of the Japanese married women. We enquire politely after the crops, though it is quite evident that they could not be poorer. She answers sadly without

looking up; potatoes are of more importance than strangers.

Behind another hut are two bear cubs in crude cages. Later in the year they will be released, up on the mountain side. The Ainu worship the bear, our conductor explains, and they hunt bear too, and eat bear. Strangely inconsistent; perhaps I misunderstood. When one Japanese explains to another Japanese, and he passes things along in imperfect English, the answer may be wrong. But the cubs at least are authentic, and there near at hand are the mountains. The rest does not matter much, except possibly to the cubs. Of greater interest to me is a very old man with extremely long hair and full beard (the Ainu are a hairy people) seated in the midst of a miserable little cornpatch, with slow hand arranging in front of him a number of sake bowls. "What is he doing?" I enquire. "He is about to pray. Some of his folks must be sick. The Ainu do not believe in doctors; they prefer prayer to medicine." We pass on in silence.

Soon groups of children appear, swarms of them in fact, ragged, dirty youngsters, pathetically afflicted with scalp eruptions and many with sore eyes. Scabby heads are all too common throughout Japan, but the little Ainu are, without exception, in a bad state of neglect. Still they are bright looking, happy looking, and clamber in and out of their fathers' great viking fishing boats or scamper along

the beach quite unaware that they are unfortunate. But oh Kipling! how sadly they need tubbing, scrubbing, and simple medical treatment.

Several people on whom our conductor wishes us to call are not at home—off hunting perhaps, or out at sea with their nets. We are on the point of turning back when a young Ainu, perhaps thirty, and Japonicized as to hair and dress, suddenly pops up from nowhere and becomes a self-appointed guide. He speaks Japanese fluently and a lot of it, to which I listen attentively without growing the wiser except as the choicer bits are interpreted. He takes us at once to a newly built school building, leading the way with long strides as if pursuing bear. He is a big fellow. The school, he explains with pride, was built entirely by Ainu, the material paid for by contributions from visitors. This point is emphasized somewhat unduly. It is pleasant to note that one of the two rooms is designed for a public bath. The bathroom is not yet completed, the schoolroom unfurnished. There are beer bottles, empty, near the front door, hinting that there has recently been an important meeting of some social welfare or neighborhood improvement society.

From the school building we are escorted to the conductor's home, which is so much finer than most of the others (it must be 20 by 30 at least) that I suspect it is the abode of a chief—a sort of royal palace. His Highness is out of town; the voluble

son—heir apparent, crown prince, chairman of the school board, or whatever he may be—must play the host. I feel elated and slip on my gloves as we enter through the narrow, lowly door.

Memory does not serve me well enough to warrant a detailed description, from floor (part of it a platform of planks, part of it dirt) to smoky rafters. In the middle of the platform, I recall, was a rectangular sunken fireplace where a brisk wood fire was burning, the smoke mounting thatchward in an unconventional way. Around the hearth two or three men robed in bearskins were squatted, and as many women, one of them not wholly unattractive. Add babies to suit, without using a measuring cup, and throw in a few older children. All were dirty. The floor was dirty. A heap of bedding in one corner looked supremely dirty. The side walls were smoke-cured. The men were eating chestnuts, the women nursing babies impartially.

The prince imperial spreads a mat for us, explaining that it has been handed down through many generations and is used only for distinguished guests. I bow, but with a feeling of utter unworthiness decline the honor and sit gingerly on the edge of the platform. Then the prince—if prince he be, his voice gaining momentarily in carrying power, it seems, brings forth tribal heirlooms: savage looking bows and arrows, sake bowls, ornamental paper-cutter looking things used to lift the imperial mous-

tache when drinking, swords rusted into scabbards, knives with rusty blades, bits of armor, etc., etc. This lot of dirty relics of questionable antiquity does not interest me very much. The exhibitor has an unpleasant way of illustrating how each weapon is used. In a very few minutes I have been speedily dispatched by arrow, sword, hunting knife, and spear, and each time have died a miserable death. I am not used to being executed so often, even in pantomime. I edge a little nearer to the door and whisper to the guide that a motion to adjourn holds precedence over all other executive business. Would offense be given if a small sum were presented the wild-eyed host? The guide thinks it would be a reasonably safe venture, so a few coins are politely offered.

Instantly a marvellous change. Silence, a look of wounded dignity, then a torrent of words. "What is the trouble?" I enquire, getting a little nearer the door. "He says we have insulted him; the offering should be at least twice as large." I quickly decide that he is quite right. The ancestral mat, such a rich collection of heirlooms, with sacred shavings among them even, the undoubtedly fine dissertation on ancient manners and customs—I feel ashamed; but when my hand slips into my pocket for more coin, the guide says "No-no-no!" More angry words come from the midst of the rusty arsenal. War is imminent. I resolve to die with boots on, but realizing that my boots are back in America, I slip out through

the door, followed by my two companions and the aggrieved heir apparent and his retainers, including women and children.

I can think of no impelling reason why I should remain longer in the vicinity. With steps not exactly slow, yet carefully measured to suggest an air of security and unconcern, I leave the scene. Only once do I turn my head, and then merely to correct a calculation concerning the flight of a purely imaginary arrow. My two companions, motioning me to go on, turn down a side street on the edge of the settlement and disappear. Not a little mystified, I walk slowly on to the railroad station, for it is nearly train time. It is a great relief, though I try not to show it, when, fifteen minutes later, the guide rejoins me, and explains that, at the merchant-conductor's suggestion, he has reported the affair to the police and has left at the station house our inadequate offering, to be presented on a later day when the princely scion is more nearly sober. The incident is closed.

Not quite, however. Soon the police force of the village appears, neatly uniformed, shoes polished, hands gloved in white. Heels together, the force bows. He has come to apologize. He is deeply grieved that the honorable stranger has suffered annoyance. The Ainu, spoiled by over-liberal tourists, have grown cunning. Usually a peaceful people, they are very bad when saturated with sake.

At present they are saturated. I assure the force that there has been no annoyance whatever, that my brief stay in his well-ordered precinct has been most happy. At which point visiting cards are exchanged, and a few bows, interrupted by the arrival of our train. Thus pleasantly ended our mild adventure with this "gentle, submissive, courteous" people.

But they will not out of mind. The last, oblivion-haunting remnants of a once powerful people; a "drunken, dirty, spiritless folk," suffering the "doom of unfitness." How pathetic. Once the conquerors of a large part of what is now Japan, the exterminators of an inferior race, they in turn have been pushed aside and all but exterminated. They have contributed practically nothing to handicraft. They have produced no literature. Their origin is a mystery; it is simply surmised that in early times they entered Hokkaido by way of Kamchatka and the Kuriles. But before that? Mystery. Are they Mongolian? Some of them have faces of almost Saxon fairness, strong, Caucasian bodies. How long their wandering, and by what peril-beset route they reached Kamchatka, in all probability the world will never know. Their epitaph is already written; in a few generations the scant hundreds remaining will have been absorbed by other peoples. The last chapter of their pathetic history is all but finished.

Ainu children? No. The ideal

Hotel at Noboribetsu Onsen.

The moribund volcano. Steam and sulphur fumes make photography difficult.

CHAPTER XI

BEARDING A VOLCANO

WITH a twenty mile zone of safety interposed between us and the gentle Ainu, we leave the train at Noboribetsu purposing to push on—and up—four or five additional miles to Noboribetsu Onsen and conceal ourselves for the night by the rim of a crater. The crater is an active one, yet seems, by comparison, a reasonably safe retreat. Besides, there is a good hotel at Noboribetsu Onsen, and we are tired, cold, hungry. It is past suppertime and growing dark.

Noboribetsu is not a taxicab town, nor are there rikishas in waiting. Diligent inquiry, however, finally reveals that a car line runs to the hamlet near the crater. Good. But it runs at infrequent intervals; there will be a wait of an hour or more. Exasperating. An hour is sometimes a century. Cannot the wait be abridged in some way? It can, the resourceful guide discovers; a special car may be chartered. This proposition is one I do not care to entertain. I have moral and financial scruples. None save millionaires ever charter anything, and

they but rarely, partly to display ill-gotten wealth, partly to furnish exercise for philanthropic mathematicians who enjoy calculating how many children, orphans preferred, might be fed three meals a day for a month—etc., etc. Mere idle curiosity prompts me to enquire how much this proposed crime against underfed children would cost. "Seventy-five cents." "What! for everything?" It includes everything, car, rails, motive power, and crew. "Order a couple at once," cries a voice which must be mine, though it does not sound familiar. Money should never be hoarded; only as it is kept in circulation can it do any good whatever. One car, however, is all that is available; the remaining two-thirds of the company's rolling stock is up the line.

It was a ride to be remembered. The chartered vehicle, a tiny little prehistoric caboose which one stooped reverently perforce to enter, ran upon rails each length of which had a distinct personality of its own. There may have been springs, but they were not working. The four small windows were audibly low with malaria. A feeble little lamp, easily discoverable by striking a match, pretended to cast rays from a glass front cage in one corner near the roof. The motor, literally one-horse, strolled along between the rails, occasionally stubbing a hoof over a tie, encouraged by the conductor-engineer-trainboy. I could imagine how a cave dweller feels during an epidemic of earthquakes. As

soon as we were well above the lights of the village and fairly started on the nine hundred foot ascent, the crew lashed the helm, left the bridge, and became a fellow passenger, the legality of which procedure seemed questionable. I had supposed that I had chartered the entire car. No protest was made however; it might be that this unexpected move was not an encroachment but an added courtesy, a delicate admission on the part of the crew that he considered himself in no way our superior but was willing to associate on equal terms. The motor acted as if nothing unusual had occurred. It takes time, doubtless, to become familiar with all the nice points of chartered car etiquette. I resolved, however, to make a firm stand if the motor should also take it into his head to step over the dash and enter too. And thus we crept up and up for perhaps two hours, evidently following the course of a mountain stream, till the lights of Noboribetsu Onsen appeared. Two porters were on hand to take our luggage and lead us through a street flanked by closely packed shops to a very comfortable Japanese inn, where a hot bath, an elaborate dinner, and a comfortable bed brought the eventful day to a close.

There is a distinct advantage in reaching a strange place after dark and going straightway to bed. It affords opportunity for the mind to develop, in the dark cells of the brain, all the mental film exposed during the preceding twelve hours and get it com-

pletely out of the way, then prepare fresh films for the morrow. Moreover there is the rarely sung pleasure of awaking in a place unfamiliar, the senses, which seldom keep together during the dark hours, straggling back one at a time, sight last of all, for the eyes are late sleepers.

Crows, hundreds of them, speaking a language known the world over, but with none of the usual notes of alarm or protest; indeed the tones are quite domestic, confidential, patronizing, though occasionally a chorus obviously self-laudatory drowns all. Their voices come from high up on the mountain side, more faintly from far down the valley, conversationally from the tiled roof above where several are walking about and discussing the weather, from neighboring roofs and gardens. It is a crow town. Hokkaido is a crow island. All Japan is a crow's paradise. The crow owns the land; he outnumbers humans. You may see thousands at a glance encircling the twilight island pinnacles near Aomori. You may see a score winging their way over the carefully guarded palace of the Mikado in Tokyo. They are the true nobility, splendidly robed in glossy black, each a proud grandee.

A second sense comes straggling back. I am conscious of the cool fresh tang of an October morning. The Japanese have the right idea: no walls of brick, no barriers of clapboard and lath and plaster, but thin, sliding panels, not too closely

fitted, admitting at least a modicum of air. There is the smell of fresh matting, faintly bringing to mind the sweet grass baskets made by Oldtown Indians "down East; and something more, a dim suggestion of freshly lighted sulphur matches, not wholly pleasant, yet easily forgetable since it is not dominant. The haymow odor of the mats easily prevails.

The nest of silken quilts is very warm and comfortable; without definitely committing myself to leaving it, I open eyes experimentally and take a lazy inventory. It runs as follows: ten mats, I judge, neatly fitted each to each, a cushion or two, and an impossible arm-rest; the usual fire-box in the form of a bronze caldron, an iron teakettle above its cold ashes, and a slender sentinel poker; a table supported by Lilliputian legs, with tea things on it; gray paper panels, unadorned, shutting off adjoining rooms to right and left, with bamboo fret above them for ventilation; on the veranda side, four more panels, sashed like windows, in each a middle pane of ground glass, the remaining panes of translucent paper. There are the usual twin alcoves, one with its cabinet, kimono tray, and writing-box; the other with slightly raised platform on which rests a globe of crystal beneath a kakemono. I note a narrow mirror and a towel rack, the latter presumably a concession to the foreigner. The ceiling is of foot-wide boards supported by frail looking stringers.

There is no paint, no varnish; all is in natural grain, though the post supporting the alcove partition, its surface unmarred by saw or plane, is highly polished. How simple, how beautiful. One thing alone is discordant; it is the electric light bulb and shade, dangling from a green cord like a spider, directly over my head. Perhaps it is but the dash of cold water necessary to settle the grounds, as a coffee pot given to metaphor might express it.

Slipping on kimono and sandals, I push aside a panel and step out onto a balcony looking straight down the gently sloping village street. It is a very foggy morning. No, it is not fog at all but steam—volcano breath—reaching high up, especially over the mountain stream which tumbles along to the right. How spectral the huddled roofs of the village look. How quiet it is,—no subterranean rumbles, no hum of busy industry, nothing but the caw of crows, the joyful sound of falling water, and the *click-scrape* of clogs. How soft the wooded slopes, almost precipice steep, which wall in the narrow valley, misty green, with patches of maple glory here and there. The sun is trying to break through; it will be a fine day. Returning to the room I find a youthful Aurora kneeling at the caldron kindling a charcoal Fuji. There is no returning to silken quilts, for the silken quilts have vanished.

An hour or two later, with the politest of landlords serving as guide, we sally forth to beard our

first volcano. A ten minute walk following the stream back of the hotel brings us to the crater, which we enter on the ground floor, so to speak. It is a gruesome region of complete desolation, this Hell's Kitchen, a chasm, gorge, pit, a huge, unshapely cavity blown out of the heart of the mountain as if by a million ton charge of dynamite and every fragment of rock burned by terrific heat to ash-colored granules forming promiscuous mounds, hillocks, crag-like eminences, that the rains of centuries have reduced to relatively smooth but treacherous slopes. Precipitous walls of similar crumbling tufa, hundreds of feet high, furrowed by the drainage from the forest-clad slopes which tower above, wall in this roughly undulated bottom crust. Clouds of steam from a score of pits obscure the vision, now mounting high above the rusty red and clay-blue walls of the vast quarry hole, now dying down deceptively only to shoot higher a moment later. Everywhere evidence that the crust is thin; there is no temptation whatever to wander away from the guide, who follows a winding trail. Spiteful jets of steam hiss forth in scores of places from tiny orifices. In some spots the ground is honeycombed with such vents. We ascend a slight elevation and look down into a fifty foot caldron of bubbling blue-black mud, "slab and good," rising from what subterranean lake of molten matter no one knows. Near by is a higher elevation from which a general

view may be had, a Beelzebub eminence whence imagination readily pictures things Miltonic.

The entire crater is roughly elliptical, its greater diameter perhaps a mile long. A wooded ridge divides it. Climbing the steep side of this ridge and passing through the rank undergrowth which covers the top, we come out upon a platform whence we look down into the second cavity, similar in size to the first, a tarn of steaming mud from which obnoxious fumes arise—a swimming pool for giant demons, a place of torture for the damned. Yet above the scorified cliffs are green forests, and the bluest of skies arches the lofty ridges.

It is not a region where any but saints would care to linger. We are willing to accept without investigating the statement that there are areas where the crust is so thin that a child might break through, other places where a cane thrust down a few inches comes forth charred; that yonder brooklet is scalding hot, and that one draft from almost any innocent looking pool is a quite sufficient passport to another world. It is but mildly consoling to learn that the old volcano is harmlessly moribund. Old age is sometimes treacherous. Did not Bandaisan after a century-long sleep burst into a paroxysm of rage and send forth floods of destruction? That was not so very long ago. Shikotsu is almost a neighboring peak, and you have just read that, seven years since, there oozed forth from its summit

"a mass of viscous lava two hundred feet high." A year later Usudake, still nearer, "threw out four large cinder-cones." The only comfortable way for a sinner to contemplate even a dying volcano is from a safe distance—say five thousand miles. It is a relief to get back to the hotel. As I sit on the silken cushion before the dinner tray, however, each delectable dish suggests a crater; but when I pass up a bowl to Aurora for a first helping of rice, and she fills it, using a wooden paddle, from the capacious wooden measure, I soon forget all about viscous lava and cinder-cones. Aurora is a beauty of the rural type. Besides, one cannot use chopsticks and think volcanoes at the same time. One or the other must be given right of way. In this case, thanks to hunger, the viscous rice wins.

A dying volcano is a pathetic thing. From far and near the curious come to witness its throes. Hotels spring up about its crater, a hamlet, a village, as if in mockery of waning destructive might. Poor old Noboribetsu is being commercialized. The upper tarn is worked for sulphur. How humiliating! Pipes from the lower crater convey hot water to the village. Forced beneficence! A stone's throw from our hotel is a fine new public bath, two great pools in separate apartments, with a spacious ante-chamber which serves as office and dressing-room combined. At all hours you may see men, women, and children enter through the wide door. To the

left is a platform for men; to the right, one for women. Neither is enclosed. Here kimonos are slipped off and the bathers pass through to the pools. Over the entrance to one pool is the word *Men;* over the other, *Women.* But the Japanese do not understand English, nor do they understand the English code of reticence. It is a public bath in more ways than one, yet I hesitate to call it immoral. Behind the bathhouse, in full view of all who pass, are perhaps a dozen pipes from which pour streams that drop twenty feet, or possibly thirty. Under these steaming streams stand the afflicted, each so posed that back, neck, ankle, or other offending part of the body receives a waterfall massage, possibly remedial. The women, without exception, I think, wear thin cotton robes, the men sometimes. The hotel too has its baths, a small private one, and a larger pool, more exposed, in which I once saw two family groups, perhaps eight in all, apparently spending the morning in happy converse.

A perfectly dead volcano may be a very beautiful thing. After lunch we are off again, the landlord still serving as guide. This time we follow a path up the mountain to the left of the village street. It is like zig-zaging up the roof of a cathedral of Brobdignagian dimensions; the ascent is unrelieved by downward dips. The thin, crumbling soil supports a rank growth of smaller vegetation and a few large trees. Whenever forced to stop for

breath, we are rewarded by fine views of the deep valley and the mountain range beyond, smooth slopes of soft green with patches of deep, October reds, rising sharp ridges and peaks, some of them towering almost sublimely. The path, after a climb of perhaps three-quarters of an hour, dwindles to a trail which follows a razor-edged ridge for a time (mountains in Japan are Gothic rather than Byzantine), then climbs to a windy crest from which we gain a view not soon to be forgotten. Off in the distance, its hazy blue just discernible, the Pacific; in every other direction, ridges and peaks, peaks and ridges, a prodigal display. And we are standing on the rim of a crater with steep sides so regular as to suggest skilful engineering, landscape gardening too, for the slopes are green with abundant small growth, with here and there a flaming young maple. It is a huge amphitheatre holding a crystal lake of deepest blue, "round as an eagle's eye." At one side the crater wall has broken down, and from this point the land slopes gracefully away to the ocean. Two hundred fifty feet below us, the white walls of a solitary tent may be seen near the water's edge. Peace, solitude, a lavish display of natural beauty, and presumably good fishing: I envy the camper. And on the other side of the ridge, down how many thousand feet I do not know, lies that gruesome pit of desolation with its caldrons of boiling mud and clouds of angry steam.

Not long ago I happened to mention Noboribetsu to a gentleman who has lived in Japan for a number of years and knows it fairly well. "Noboribetsu? I think I have heard of it. In Hokkaido, isn't it? Probably a worn-out mud volcano, a docile old fellow. You should climb Asama-yama if you want the real thing—over 8,000 feet high, and beyond doubt the most disreputable, unreliable, diabolical volcano in all Japan. Thirty years ago or so it went on a rampage that lasted over eighty days and killed thousands of people. Even now it makes nothing of picking off a few venturesome fire-worshipers. Start from Karuizawa in the afternoon; that's the best time, for then you reach the summit about three in the morning when things show up to advantage. The crater, about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, must be six or seven hundred feet deep, with perpendicular walls; and down there in the great well a growling, glowing mass boils up and rolls over on itself in truly satanic fashion. It's the biggest sight in all Japan."

I blush for poor old Noboribetsu. Why, it's hardly worth going to see. Still, I would not have missed it, especially that ride up the ravine in the dark. The only truly aristocratic way of approaching any volcano is by private car.

Eruption of Mt. Aso.

Going to school.

CHAPTER XII

FROM KINDERGARTEN TO UNIVERSITY

THERE is substantial confirmatory evidence that the children of Hamelin followed an underground passage terminating in Japan, and that the Pied Piper, mightily pleased with this first expedition, has never ceased luring the young not only from Hamelin but from many another rich city the world over, always leading them along the same dark path. What simpler way of accounting for the amazing number of children in the Mikado's empire and the lamentable shortage elsewhere. Look at the eyes of the little ones, half-shut as if not yet accustomed to broad daylight; and observe their clothes, pied in the extreme, each kimono a medley of the brightest colors.

Whatever their origin, most of them are, and all might easily be made, irresistibly adorable. Mr. Kipling was quite right in affirming that the only thing preventing little Japanese children from growing wings and flying away is their noses. It is inconceivable, however, that they should ever wish to fly away, for in Japan everybody loves children.

They are welcome everywhere, seen everywhere, even at the theatre, and evidently have a perfectly splendid time. Still they must attend school, like children in other lands, and for six long years, whether prince or peasant. It is the Mikado's will.

My first glimpse at Japan's educational system, barring an hour in a missionary kindergarten where the exercises began with a little ceremony that Mr. Kipling would commend, was through the back door, so to speak. I was sulking in Matsushima, a town on the eastern coast, a long way north of Tokyo. Although normally a village of but 700 inhabitants, its five hotels entertain annually 100,000 guests, who come to view Matsushima Bay, most beautiful of the three most beautiful "sights" in all Japan. I was sulking because it rained, not intermittently, nor gently, but with wasteful vigor. "The morning"—this from the guidebook—"the twilight, and, above all, the moonlit views of the graceful islets, which rise like beautiful green cameos from an opalescent sea," etc., etc. "When white-sailed junks drift lazily over the translucent water and blend their ghostly shadows in the depths with those of the billowy galleons that ride majestically across the airy sea above," etc., etc. "Now gray and tender and wistful, now blue and winsome and radiant," etc., etc., etc. To have green cameos and billowy galleons—for years I had sighed for galleons without knowing what they were—and large quanti-

ties of opalescent translucence so near and yet invisible! How long the sulks would have lasted is problematic had there not trooped by in front of the hotel a straggling procession of little children beneath umbrellas comically big. Through the blur of rain they looked like mushrooms newly sprouted, endowed with magic powers of locomotion. Evidently they were bound for the village school. They drew me like magnets; as soon as arrangements could be made, I too sallied forth, a mushroom of larger growth, and followed their soggy trail up the street. An English-speaking guide accompanied me.

Picture, please, a long, narrow, one-storied structure, unpainted, with a three foot piazza beneath the main roof and running the entire length, facing a fine big playground with not a blade of grass to keep off from, though there are flowerbeds at one side which the children have made. Flanking this building, place a shabby little cottage, the master's home. It is recess time, and the narrow piazza is crowded with little rascals having a delightfully noisy time, like swarming bees in front of a hive. On our approach, down they go by the dozen, bowing their black heads to the floor, consciously polite, but some of them getting heaps of fun out of it, their plump, brown faces beaming, their eyes mere slits.

We are ushered into the office, an unpretentious room at one end of the building. Two little girls

with braids down their backs, presumably the fire brigade for the week, bring in coals for the fire-box and also tea things. Soon the master appears, a man of fifty in European dress—all men teachers in Japan discard the native costume, I think—with kindly, intelligent face and courteous manners. Tea is served while the guide explains our errand; visiting cards are exchanged. It is the custom, like removing one's shoes upon entering. Slippers are usually furnished, but mere stockings are sufficiently modish though a trifle cool. Polite compliments go back and forth via the interpreting guide, until a bell rings, the bees swarm back into the hive, and we enter the first of two schoolrooms, where the boys and girls, paired off matrimonially, are seated in little chairs behind little tables. There are no vacant seats.

The subdued buzz of voices is hushed instantly. At a signal given evidently by the head pupil, all bow prettily to master and guests. Then work begins. There is no doubt of it, for everybody studies out loud, which has its advantages. You know by ear whether each boy is hard at it or merely up to something. Besides, it invites concentration. Apparently each of the three double rows represents a separate class or grade. The master handles them one at a time, employing necessarily a firm, loud voice. Having administered, or extracted, a lesson orally in row No. 1, he assigns bookwork or writing

and opens fire on row No. 2, proceeding thence to row No. 3 where the littlest tots are. It is lively work, suggesting the juggler at the fair who keeps a table fork, a croquet ball, and a piano stool flying upward in rapid succession. Meanwhile a lady assistant walks about, serving not so much as a police officer as a personal friend to the backward. What it is all about, I have no means of telling, but I assume that it has to do with the first two R's. There is much oral reading, the book at times held unusually high as the bottom of each vertical line is reached, the reader intoning like a shrill-voiced priest.

In the adjoining room, where the older pupils sit, not matrimonially but sternly separated, the boys forming the left wing, the girls the right, we find in charge not another man but an honor pupil perhaps thirteen years old. Barefooted, like all the other one hundred eighty chicks in school, clad in a kimono much too thin, it seems, for chilly October, this midget looks the master. His troops are under perfect control. "I find," the principal explains later, "that while the littler ones need the trained teacher, older boys and girls do best when instructed by one of their own number, though some supervision is of course necessary." Interesting pedagogic theory, by no means merely a clever expedient on the part of an over-burdened master. I have thought of it many times since, and have had brought to mind the

rapid progress made by the youngest in a large family where the bringing up is entrusted perforce in some measure to older brothers and sisters. But how un-American, how typically Japanese. In Japan, traditions centuries old frown upon insubordination. Submission to authority, no matter in whom vested, has become instinctive.

All bow as we leave for the office, where there is more tea-drinking and compliments honestly bestowed. The assistant principal wishes to help me on with my shoes! As we mushroom our way down through the yard, the voices of children studying aloud sound fainter and fainter; at last I miss even the shrill intoning of some third reader Tom or Peter; but I can still see in imagination that masterly boy teacher in absolute control of sixty or seventy of his lively mates, teaching them to read and write Chinese characters. I wonder if it is true, as I have been told, that a certain Chinese character means *woman;* when doubled, *talk;* when tripled, *much noise.* I wish I had thought to ask him. He would have known.

A few days later we are in Otaru, a busy seaport in Hokkaido, hill encircled, sloping to a bay where a score of merchantmen lie at anchor within the breakwater. Again it is raining, more accurately speaking it is still raining; so again we go to school. It is a girls' high school, beautifully placed on a little plateau near the hills, one of several buildings making

up a sizable plant; for normally, in Japan, boys and girls are housed separately. The equipment here is in marked contrast to the Spartan simplicity of Matsushima; the buildings are two-storied and have glass windows. They are unpainted, however, which seems to be the rule in Japan, where beauty is so often placed before utility. No paint ever invented could improve on the soft grays and browns of long-weathered timbers.

After the usual office civilities—tea, of course—the principal, a well-dressed, energetic young man, takes us about, visiting classrooms not so very different in size and equipment from those found in an American school. I recall somewhat vividly a senior class in grammar, a group of thirty or forty fine looking girls, uniformly dressed as to their skirts, which I think were garnet hued—a man does not remember such things—their glossy black hair neatly "done," no doubt in conformity to the latest style. Seldom have I seen a more wide-awake recitation; hands were up most of the time. As for the instructor, she had the intellectual face and refined manners of a Wellesley graduate plus a charm distinctively Oriental. Japan's future, I commented inwardly as we left the room, is assured not through a mighty army and navy, nor through commercial supremacy in the Pacific; her high school girls will attend to it, they and their well-bred instructors. Thus easily may even a middle-aged man be swayed when viewing a

roomful of attractive young women, raven-haired, in garnet skirts—though the more I think of it, perhaps the skirts were blue. At any rate all were of the same color.

The class in music was wrestling with a new song in honor of the Crown Prince, quite European in its swing. In an adjoining room the subject for the day was the care of babies—how to exercise a yearling, how many hours should be devoted to sleep, what should be the hours for feeding, etc. It was exasperating not to be able to look over a shoulder and see what was being jotted down in the large notebooks, though preferable would have been magic ability to read what was passing through the feminine mind. I wondered, too, if Kipling had been translated into Japanese; and wanted very much to express views on the common practice of shaving heads. To see a grandmother sliding a cold razor-blade over the skull of a baby three weeks old, the mother consenting, nay holding the innocent victim, is—The sentence snaps suddenly. Before me are some of the finest heads of hair I have ever seen, and I recall that there are twenty bald heads in America to practically none in Japan.

In a fourth room, girls are making kimonos, very pretty, and prettier still when turned inside out. Through physics and chemistry laboratories we pass—they are empty at the time—to a matted room typical of those found in Japanese homes, where a

Field day at an elementary school.

A jiu-jitsu school. Of course the men are posing. The school in Kyoto is as fine as a temple—spacious, clean.

Country school children.

lesson in etiquette is about to begin. Perhaps it would not be polite to linger and pry into the secrets of the captivating ways of the cherry-blossom lady; better to regard it all as heaven-sent intuition. Besides, it is nearly train time. On our way back to the office, however, we peep into the gymnasium, where a score of the older girls are playing a sort of drop-the-handkerchief ring game, and having a very merry time in a decorous manner. When Japanese girls laugh, it is music.

"Do many leave before graduating?" I ask, through the interpreter.

"Quite a few," the principal replies sadly.

"For what reason?"

"Chiefly matrimony. The educated woman is in great demand."

"No wonder. How do you manage to keep your teachers?"

He smiles, but does not reply. Beyond a certain point the Japanese are not frankly communicative.

Confucius looked upon woman as distinctly inferior to man, and so for centuries have his followers regarded her. One still sees, in going about Japan, hundreds of women who, upon marrying, have dyed their teeth a permanent hideous black; but the bride of today guards her beauty as it is guarded in other lands. Difficult as such matters are to investigate, there is abundant evidence that the wife is in many respects little more than a servant to her lord, in no

true sense his companion. But the old order changeth. In 1914, when the last report was printed, there were in Japan 330 high schools for girls, 117 of them classed as "domestic," and a college for women with over 500 students. The men at last are beginning to demand wives sufficiently well educated to make agreeable co-partners. Centuries upon centuries of training in service, deference, self-effacement have ingrained traits of character that make the Japanese woman in many respects a miracle of gracious unselfishness; add education and the product will be, inevitably,—a conundrum.

A month later, in Kyoto. We are on our way to a royal garden when, in passing down a side street, I am attracted by a medley of children's voices. The garden can wait. I obey the impulse and enter a gateway leading to a commodious quadrangle formed by the two-storied buildings of an elementary school. Evidently it is a gala occasion, for flags are flying, and children, perhaps six hundred in all, evidently a little more carefully dressed than usual, wear holiday faces. The panels enclosing schoolrooms on the quadrangle side have been removed, converting the buildings into a series of balconies where parents, aunts, uncles, and committeemen in frock coats are assembled. It is the annual athletic meet.

We are soon discovered, which means office

civilities, tea, and visiting cards, then an invitation, innocently accepted, to enter the arena. A shrill whistle from an assistant teacher in shirt sleeves, and chaos becomes military order. The principal mounts a box and begins an address. Seldom have I listened to such eloquence. It is like Spartacus in the old Sixth Reader. The children are reasonably attentive. "What is he talking about?" I enquire of the guide. "America," is the reply. "Good. It's a fine subject." Two minutes later. "What country is he talking about now?" "No country, sir; he's talking about you." "The dickens! Another great subject. I wish I could understand. What is he saying about me?" "That you will now address the school." There is wild clapping of hands. I rapidly rehearse all my Japanese—*ohaio*, *sodeska*, *sayo-nara*, *ichi*, and three other words since forgotten. It is manifestly inadequate. I am so unnerved that my entire frame stutters. "See here, guide," I manage to say at last, "get me out of this, some way. Tell the principal something—anything; it is what I pay you for." The guide passes on a few words to the orator, who bows, mounts the box, and so far as I can judge, delivers an oration identical with that which has just come to a close. I am mystified. "What is he saying?" I ask at length. "What I told him that you told me to tell him to say to them"—or words to that effect. "Good. He is a great man and should be in parliament. I have never had my views

more accurately and eloquently voiced." Mentally I admit that the guide too has elements of greatness, but I refrain from telling him so. He has a semi-detached laugh that I do not like. Besides, his answers to my questions often seem strangely out of focus.

I do not feel really safe until out of the arena again and seated in the front row of spectators. An attendant brings a little fire-box, evidently taking it for granted that we wish to smoke. The principal, now seated at a table in one corner of the yard, where tally will be kept and prizes awarded, has his fire-box too, and is enjoying a cigarette. Again a signal from the coatless, vestless Roderick Dhu, and the military array vanishes, the boys and girls scrambling for the sidelines where thin matting has been spread on the damp ground. The weather is pretending to be good, but it is a ruse; there will be rain again before night. Here the boys peel off kimonos and stand revealed in white suits and gay red and blue jockey caps. Cheering brigades begin to tune up in American fashion. It is all vastly more interesting than speechmaking.

The program was very long; it was to last an entire day. We stayed but an hour or two, during which time we saw many events common to all athletic meets and a few that were novel. It is worth while to cross the Pacific just to see Japanese girls do the goose step and run through military calisthenics with absolute precision, not an eyelash out of place, not a

slip in any movement, each face as serious as if a battle were imminent. Those girls could fight; at least they know how to obey orders. Nothing could be much droller than the Atalanta race in which the contestants, little maids of seven or eight, stopped when halfway round the course marked out by flags, to pick up large, bright-colored balls, then sped on in their mad career, pigtails flying straight behind. The mite who lost her sandals, and her sister who dropped a ball, then lost a second in regaining the first, evidently felt that they had brought disgrace upon their families yet bravely refrained from weeping. Equally picturesque was a race in which the runners stopped at a given point to light lanterns. Event followed event with phenomenal swiftness. Almost before the winners of one race had presented themselves at the judge's table and had their honors recorded, the next contestants were on the line waiting for the crack of the pistol. It all seemed very wonderful, indicative of successful training under vigorous leadership. The death rate in Japan, it is said, exceeds that of any other country where vital statistics are recorded. This may not be true a generation hence. Three hours a week of physical training for every school boy and school girl is the normal amount called for by government regulation. There are today in the schools and colleges of Japan over eight million loyal subjects. Should war be declared,—Complete the sentence as you wish.

The habit grew. A month later came unconditional surrender to the authorities in Tokyo. For two days—it is superfluous to add that both were rainy—the Mayor's limousine whirled from school to school, from college to college, from Imperial University to the office of the Minister of Education. Two secretaries formed an efficient body-guard and a footman assisted my honorable augustness in ascending and descending. It was a great experience, especially the attentions of the footman, who graciously overlooked my lack of frock coat and silk hat, the usual symbols of dignity. I wanted to invite him to dine with me at the Imperial. In America, where commanding genius is so often overlooked, no footman has ever paid me the slightest attention. The Japanese are a discerning people.

Of the impressions received on those two memorable days, few remain vivid, in part no doubt due to the fact that the receiver was kept saturated with tea (the entire educational system is built round a teapot), a trifle dizzy with bowing, and partially congealed with cold, for few rooms were heated. It was, perhaps, a form of jiu-jitsu disarming the critical faculties. I seem to recall, however, that though in general the material equipment was sternly plain compared with the palaces in which the youth of America are educated, the instructors, almost without exception, were clean-cut and scholarly, and the pupils an earnest lot, hard at it. Out of the haze

comes one picture, which brings to mind that boy-teacher in Matsushima. It is of a large room in the Imperial University, filled with tier upon tier of students, men grown, listening attentively to an immaculately dressed lecturer who stood, one hand in his pocket, quite after the manner of a Harvard professor. A second picture brings to mind Otaru. It is a scene in a girls' high school. The pupils are seated at desks, down one side of which dangle a number of ink bottles secured neck to neck by a cord; on the other side, a bag containing cooking utensils. The signal for dismissal is given. Perhaps half the young ladies hurry away, each carrying her books neatly tied up in a bright-hued silk bandanna; the rest remain, tuck up their kimonos, tie towels about their heads, and with broom, brush, mop, and pail, proceed to clean the building—domestic science practically applied.

It is easy to assume that when Commodore Perry forced open the ports of Japan the light of culture streamed in for the first time upon a distinctly inferior people. For two hundred years the realm had been a hermit kingdom; but the Japanese are an old, old people. A thousand years before the bars went up, they had been exposed to Chinese and Hindu civilization. We may treat as apocryphal the proud claim that universities and schools were founded a century before there was a university in Europe, yet concede that in an Asiatic way the

people, particularly the higher classes, were far from uncultured. With the Restoration there did come a new civilization, the learning and the culture of Europe and America. It was accepted, a school system was established, and Japan, unable to let go the old which had become ingrained, yet grasping eagerly after the new, occasionally shows signs of cultural suffocation. No other nation has ever been put to such a frightful test. Her present system of education, borrowed a bit here and a bit there, from France, from Germany, from America, from England, reminds one at times of a fast-growing lad much too warmly clothed in garments designed for other boys of various builds.

There are many kinds of schools in Japan: Elementary, Higher Elementary, Middle, High, Higher, Normal, Higher Normal, Technical, Special (a general term embracing various types), Universities Imperial and private, etc. The nomenclature, the lines of demarcation, and the courses of study have changed repeatedly during the past twenty years, not always in the direction of simplification. Possibly the Japanese have more genius for elaborating plans on paper than they have genius for executing that which has been elaborated. They do not always count the cost in yen and sen.

The government scheme—schools as well as railways are government affairs—calls for six years of compulsory education and recognizes that what is

compulsory should be free. Free it is in most schools, but not in all. Beyond the compulsory years a tuition is charged. This is not, perhaps, a wholly bad plan; in America, education is so cheap that it is not prized, and by many it is treated with scant respect. But Japan is too poor, apparently, to furnish schools even for those willing to pay. It is not an easy matter to gain admittance to higher institutions. On paper, examinations have been abolished; in reality, nearly fifty per cent. of the applicants—more in some schools—are weeded out by stiff entrance examinations. If you have the brains and the determination, the Government seems to say, come, we'll educate you; if you are dull or lazy or both, you are not worth it. Education is not for all who apply. Possibly this Spartan sternness is needed in our own land.

The course of study, even for the earlier years, presents difficulties unknown to American boys and girls, who learn to read while yet the tongue lisps. The Japanese characters, one for each possible syllable, are readily learned. There are but few of them, accidental, squirmy-looking things, a sort of running script. But the Chinese characters must be blindly memorized too, and a Chinese character—there are as many as there are words—is no trifling matter. One written language is sufficient; the Japanese have two. Later, before reaching the university, the student is expected to master English and one other modern language. English is worse than

Chinese and Japanese combined; it was never made for export. We are used to it, do not mind its eccentricities; besides, when it gets in our way we scrap it. To the Japanese it is a nightmare. Fortunately, Latin and Greek play no part in the educational scheme, unless it be in the universities.

Co-education does not extend, legally, beyond the second or third year. It is not possible in Japan, as it is in America, for a boy to go from kindergarten to college without ever reciting to a man. The men teachers must outnumber the women at least three to one. But conditions will surely change; the abler men, it is said, are slipping away into other lines of activity—just as in America. The reason is obvious. According to the latest printed report, over fifty thousand elementary school teachers were receiving less than twenty yen (ten dollars) a month, and relatively few were getting more than twenty-five. I should not care to teach in Japan. It would be much pleasanter to serve as policeman. (The same holds true in America.) The policeman gets thirty yen a month, in return for which he wears a nice uniform and white gloves, and is greatly admired. He has no beat, but stands near a little sentry house provided with telephone and fire-box. Apparently he is for ornament chiefly and acts the part nobly. I have never seen one make an arrest; the long list of crimes tabulated in annual reports is obviously a polite fiction to satisfy the taxpayer.

It gives one, indeed, a distinct shock to read that in 1914 there were in the normal schools of Japan 18,223 men and 8,502 women, and that this represented but a little over thirty per cent. of those who applied for admittance. Amazing! Is it the pension system that attracts? I quote from an official report: "An elementary school teacher is entitled to a retiring pension and a family pension. The pension on retirement is a life pension granted to such regular teachers of an elementary school—after over fifteen years' service, to retire on account of old age, illness, abolition of the school, etc.; or to those who, though with less than fifteen years' service, have retired on account of physical disability owing to wounds inflicted or some disease contracted in the discharge of their duties, assistant teachers having the same privilege in this latter case. Even those who are not entitled to a retiring pension, but who retire after over one year's service are granted a lump sum of money according to the number of years of service. A family pension is granted to the surviving member of the family in the case of the death of regular teachers of an elementary school of public establishment, who were in receipt of, or were entitled to, a retiring pension, or who, though not having completed fifteen years of service, have died in the discharge of their duties."

Physical disability, owing to wounds inflicted! Now what can that mean? A possible explanation is

found in a paragraph appearing in the *Japanese Year Book*. "The introduction of the Occidental system of learning and the displacing of venerable teachers of old system with younger teachers devoid of experience and virtue have undermined the laudable custom that formerly existed between masters and pupils. Education is too often regarded nowadays as a thing of fees and salaries and is sadly lacking in moral element. This accounts for lax discipline and refractory propensities of students, especially those of Middle schools in which very often boys break out into a strike on the alleged ground of incompetence of their masters or teachers. It is consoling to see that the outbreaks, so widespread till about ten years ago or so, are gradually lessening and that with the acquirement of greater experience and prestige on the part of teachers and also of gradual settling down of new orders of affairs in social and political world, school troubles are becoming heard less and less frequently."

On the whole, digesting school reports is less agreeable than visiting schools—especially in Matsushima.

CHAPTER XIII

PLAY-GOING

It may or may not be true that in Mikado land George Washington is less esteemed than Charlie Chaplin and the *Perils of Pauline* more familiar than the career of Joan of Arc. In many a Theatre Street the signboards which patch the fronts of amusement houses and line alluring portals furnish pleasurable shivers to sensitive spines. Behold our old yet youthful friend, the heroine with flying locks, escaping obviously wicked pursuers by crossing a mile deep chasm on a human chain of bridge-forming lovers. Lo her raven-haired sister, breaking the ropes which bind her to the rails and dropping from the trestle into the automobile of her lover, opportunely passing along the roadway beneath, just in time to escape the midnight express at the left edge of the lithograph. And see yon ronin, creeping Indian fashion, save that he has no bright gleaming dagger between his teeth, upon the proud daimyo who has despitefully treated said ronin's overlord. Success to you, bold curdler of juvenile blood! In short the cinematograph has not only invaded the

land; one actually hears the death rattle of the ancient and honorable marionettes, and native drama in other forms is not quite what it was in the good old days. Still the theatre remains surprisingly popular, especially with the middle class.

Japanese inns are not always easily recognizable. If they do not actually conceal themselves by refusing to take on a distinguishable characteristic appearance, it is at least true that they seldom put themselves forward solicitously. The theatre, on the contrary, is readily found. In front, on either side of the street, run rows of electric lights supplementing the fascinating glow of gay paper lanterns big and small. There may be also a display of staffs with bright colored spiral bands, suggesting slender barber poles newly recruited and carefully marshalled. Add banners, flags, manekis, whatever will contribute color and an air of festivity, and the theatre stands frankly confessed. (Quite incidentally, the word maneki was slipped into the preceding sentence with no ordinary feeling of pride, yet pride tinged with an element of uncertainty. Scholars whose linguistic research has led them beyond *ohaio* and *sodeska* alone know whether it is the proper term to apply to a long-staffed flag when the cloth part is abnormally narrow and extends down the stick an unconscionable distance. The word has a good Oriental ring, anyway.)

Easily found is the theatre, but getting in when not

acquainted with all the channels is a matter calling for nice navigation. Everyone appears glad to see me, at the first entrance attempted, but the atmosphere and activity of the place suggest a busy restaurant or kitchen rather than a playhouse; so it seems best to back out with an air calculated to suggest casual reconnoitre rather than predetermined invasion. An attendant, probably a waiter, follows and politely points down the street. Sure enough, a few steps away is the ticket window, with a young lady sitting behind, to whom, at a venture, a yen is handed. Straightway she begins to talk, whereupon arises uncertainty as to whether it will be better to reply "Yes, quite rainy," or "I'm not at all particular; any seat will do." Both are tried, but neither seems right. Perhaps the yen is insufficient. A second one is therefore offered. It would have been shrewder to begin with a five yen bill; a fiver would certainly more than cover the charge. Some people are singularly clever in such matters. But the lady continues to talk. "I want to go in," I say, speaking very distinctly,—"the theatre—Shakespeare and that sort of thing. One ticket, please." Further talk on the part of the young lady, but nothing decisive.

She is charmingly conversational, fluent, apparently never grounded for matter, sympathetic, but it is foreign to my purpose to spend the evening talking through a wall to Thisbe. I am late anyhow—a

small matter of four hours, it afterward proved; the performance begins at four and lasts till eleven. It is therefore a distinct relief when a second attendant comes to the rescue and leads me through the wide, main entrance, to a fairly commodious lobby, where an usher takes me in charge. This being passed on from one to another, as if feeble-minded, is extremely trying to the newly arrived immigrant, and remains so long after the aroma of bilge has faded from his steamer trunk. In the lobby my shoes are requisitioned, courteously, and soon command a phalanx of clogs near the door. I am kindly permitted to retain my socks. This is not a concession; socks are legal throughout the realm. Then the usher mounts a steep staircase to the left and I am soon in sole possession of a balcony box. So far as memory serves, it is the first time I have ever entered a theatre stocking-footed.

Occupying a box at the truly Japanese playhouse is in many ways less vainglorious than it sounds, not at all like inhabiting a pleasantly conspicuous paradise brass railed, curtained, and canopied, sharing with the stage the envious gaze of the common herd; for in the Japanese theatre everyone sits in a box. The only alternative would be to stand up in one—or lie down, for all is boxes. Yet this is not quite the correct term; a box should have enclosing sides, if not a lid or cover; whereas the theatre box is merely a space perhaps four feet square and designed for four

people, defined by a plain wood railing from five to fifteen or twenty inches above the matting. It is a pen, or yard, without a gate. Further observations, things quickly perceived and registered in hit-or-miss order: The room is rectangular, seating perhaps fifteen hundred, the stage running the long way and occupying nearly the entire front. The two main aisles are level with the stage, the guests stepping down from these pikes into their waffle-iron compartments, some of which, I now see, are half-size, designed for two. Boxes remote from the highway may be approached by rail, or by stepping from pit to pit, etiquette apparently requiring no particular method of ingress or egress. The rear balcony, deeper than those on the sides, is a series of graduated plateaux, evidently the poorest quarter of the house. From the paneled roof of gold and black lacquer hang electric lights, and many others at the side are concealed in red paper lanterns. A few flags and festoons of silk or paper, plus a wide balcony parapet of what to the masculine eye looks like red flannel, complete the simple and effective decorations.

At home, the play's the thing, but not so in the Orient; the audience alone is worth triple the price of admission. What a fascinating spectacle, compared with which an American audience is a particularly slow funeral. A performance beginning at four or four-thirty and lasting till bedtime—five or six plays with long intervals between—does not

invite formality. One comes prepared to spend the hours comfortably. It is a sort of indoor picnic where enacted comedy and tragedy, if not incidental, are certainly not monopolistic. It is a church sociable with the church element agreeably absent, designed for all ages from wrinkled grandpa down to the babe that finds its mother's breast unabashed and afterwards sleeps peacefully through farce and melodrama. And pray do not think you must sit hour after hour on a cushion in a space two feet by two; get up and wander about if you feel like it, especially when the curtain is down. ("Down" is incorrect; the thing is flimsy and pulls to from right to left.) What are those smooth board aisles for if not for little children to run on? The narrow space between footlights and curtains is a convenient short cut to be employed in social migrations. No row will be raised if youthful eyes peep behind the curtain, though perhaps it is a bit mischievous, which heightens the charm. The audience chamber is flanked with bazaars where small wares are alluringly displayed, and restaurants and refreshment booths are so numerous that one is uncertain whether they or the theatre should be called parasitic.

Certainly the restaurant plays an important part, for the pleasure of seeing a favorite actor is far from complete in itself; there should be the attendant joys of eating, drinking, and smoking. Mind is inseparable from body; both should be entertained

simultaneously. The tandem arrangement is a mistaken Occidental notion. And when the stage is being arranged for some new delight, let the drum be thumped a bit behind the scene; a little noise—we will not call it music—is mildly pleasurable. I am not quite sure whether the tiny fire-box is brought by a house "boy," or a waiter. A play would not be a play without smoking; and matches, though cheap, are less satisfactory than a live coal. They are slender things with weak constitutions. If you must employ one, learn to strike it the right way, holding it nearly parallel with the box and pointing the head from you; otherwise, a dozen trials may prove ineffectual. See how easily the ladies do it. The night is warm, and the "boys" know no prudish convention forbidding the display of a bronze shoulder or chest. The modestly attired women attendants are plainly from restaurant quarters. They bring not only tea, cakes, fruit, but quite elaborate meals ordered in advance. The two-by-four or four-by-four compartment, though it contain its full quota of tenants, is, miraculously, quite large enough for fire-box, teapot and cups, and the well-loaded trays too, though heads are so closely grouped that a man might be pardoned if his chopsticks should stray into the wrong mouth occasionally. The pleasant-faced waiters are remarkably spry without seeming to hurry; the three-inch partition rails are sufficiently wide for their bare feet.

As to the plays of the evening, I write with a degree of reserve unseemly in dramatic criticism. Attempts to follow spirited dialogue carried on in a language unknown bring a mental exhilaration such as Sherlock Holmes must have experienced, but no dependable notion of what it is all about. At times, by paying closest attention to tone of voice, to gesture, and facial expression, I seem to catch the drift of things remarkably well. All one needs, apparently, is a normally active imagination and a little common sense ingenuity. Yes, it is comedy, getting funnier every minute. Really, I must laugh, and am about to indulge in at least an appreciative chuckle when, prudently glancing about the house, I am amazed to find the women in tears. It seems wise to postpone the chuckle and study this strange phenomenon. Subsequent observation confirms the initial impression that Japanese women are poor emotional creatures, like their sisters in other lands, and perhaps a trifle more than like them. The Japanese playhouse weep has a slight nasal accompaniment which may not be unique but is not always so frankly unchecked. A little later, having caught the trail of the story again, and perhaps sympathetically influenced by the recent survey, I feel sure that all is black tragedy, can readily see the rapidly approaching catastrophe, and am working up to a delightful pitch of tense emotion when lo, a ripple of laughter almost universal and so extremely pleasant that it becomes on the whole the

most cherished memory of the evening. I have seldom heard anything more musically fascinating. In short, during the two hours or so spent in trying to follow acts that sway the emotions of the large audience, I construct numberless dramatic situations and fancy dialogues grave and witty, the imagination working ever at highest tension, without once really penetrating the particular make-believe world mirrored on the stage.

There are, however, certain unique features in Japanese play-acting and general stage arrangement which can be written about with a normal degree of intelligence. For example, the parts of women are taken by men, wonderfully successful in make-up and manners, but with voices carefully trained till they are neither masculine nor feminine—as in college dramatics. Save for a long-ago period of near anarchy, rebellion soon suppressed because of the abuses it led to, men for centuries have ruled the stage, though of recent years women have again invaded the green room and are meeting with marked success. Entrances are made not only from side and rear, but down the aisle; in fact the runway is equipped with concealed footlights, and part of the action takes place on this narrow supplementary stage in the midst of the audience. It is a fine arrangement in that it gives a near-at-hand view of facial expression, which plays an unusually prominent part in Oriental acting. In an Osaka theatre,

a few weeks later, I witnessed a striking admission of this truth. Two attendants in black—black, in stageland, is supposed to be invisible—each provided with a big candle balanced on the tip of an eight-foot fishpole held nearly horizontal, followed the leading actor about, the flames burning brightly a foot or two from his nose, and bringing into prominence every line of his eloquent countenance. Speech is of secondary importance. Attendants in black are amusingly common, yet it is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to seeing them bring on or carry off properties, or assist in changing costumes; for to leave the stage merely to alter dress is a needless concession to realism. I am not quite sure, yet it seemed at times evident, that an actor may disappear, merely by turning his back to the audience, without actual removal of his physical body. It is a convenient convention. Finally, the stage of this fifty year old theatre is of the turnstile type. One act completed, the setting, actors and all, circles slowly from view and in three or four twinkles a new setting appears and the play goes on without appreciable interruption.

One final matter is approached with a degree of diffidence, namely, the musical accompaniment, instrumental and vocal, in the present case, if memory serves, off-stage, the musicians invisible. The dulcet strains are interpretative of mood, and sometimes openly explanatory of the action, like the

Greek chorus. They are unquestionably a distinct aid to the listener in following the play, besides contributing pleasure to the ear trained to appreciate harmony. It is a sort of opera, intermittent, usually subdued, yet mourning its captivity, and occasionally bursting into triumphal notes as if determined to break its bonds and come boldly forth. No words can adequately describe the drum, flute, and guitar-like instrumental refrain with its apparently *ad libitum* punctuation of vocal squeaks and gurgles. The occasional solo, too, is beyond description. A guide once explained to me that the tones of a good singer "come from the stomach." Possibly! I certainly thought, on this first memorable night, that the soloist had become suddenly ill, through some strange accident a croquet ball having become lodged in his thorax. He seemed very unhappy.

In Japan there is little to lure the tourist from the comfortable hotel after nightfall unless his moral code does not ban the primrose way leading to tea-house Bohemia and beyond. This explains in part why one easily becomes a patron of the reasonably respectable, if not aristocratic, playhouse, though long after the mere novelty loses its charm one may continue legitimately enthralled by what is eventually recognized as really fine acting. On many occasions my pleasure was more than doubled by having as companion a young student of the drama

whose quiet enthusiasm was contagious and his explanations, though at times in imperfect English, turned many a seeming absurdity into a thing to be admired. It was with this intelligent critic that I went on several occasions to the Kabukiza, Tokyo's most popular theatre.

The Kabukiza is a somewhat finer affair than the Shintomiza into which I first strayed by mere chance. The men attendants were in uniform, blue kimonos and brown trousers, black ankle socks and white sandals. The lady attendants likewise wore dark blue kimonos. The patrons, though of the middle class, were apparently prosperous people for the most part, well dressed, though there was a pleasurable lack of finery. The little children, it is true, were dazzling multichromes, the young misses of marriageable age resplendent from hair ribbons to sandals, and the obi and sash of matrons were invariably bright; but the sober gray, brown, steel blue, and black kimonos worn by the adults, plus heads of hair uniformly black, suggested a trim Japanese landscape garden rather than a bower of roses. There was no annoying wait at the ticket window; all had been arranged in advance, the common way, through the teahouse. An attendant took coats, hats, and shoes at the teahouse entrance, led the way to our box, brought program, a printed synopsis of the plays, and the customary refreshments. We were his guests, with no hint

Theatre Street in Osaka.

The Kabukiza.

Stage of the Imperial Theatre.

of the commercial till just before the last act when hats and coats were brought and the bill for everything presented, a reasonable total to which was added the expected gratuity for service. Play-going is not necessarily extravagance, though if all possible comforts are required, it may become so. I was guilty of noting that the gentleman entertaining friends in an adjoining box paid nearly twenty-five yen.

The plays, too, were of a higher order. The company at the Shintomiza were giving modern productions mainly, so very modern that in one instance the honk of an automobile was heard off stage, and a European magnate in evening dress, tipsy and dissolute, appeared in a questionable teahouse scene. It was a comedy of manners, with many realistic touches and familiar stage "business" obviously imported. At the Kabukiza classical pieces were given, impressive tragedy and truly laughable farce. I shall not soon forget one piece, a tale of the Japanese War of the Roses, in which a mother eventually parts with both her sons even though their death may mean the downfall of the house through the extinction of the line of succession. When, in the last act, the two boys rode proudly away down the aisle on prancing steeds richly caparisoned (the steeds had knee-joints rather too human yet were sufficiently equine for realism) practically the entire audience gave way to tears.

It was while witnessing this piece that I first began to realize how impossible it is for the outlander to enter fully into the spirit of the older plays. The themes are historical, national, and therefore appeal strongly to a race the most patriotic in the world. The plays picture a feudal past irrevocable yet far more romantic than the commercial present. In spite of their rush to adopt Western ideas, their determination to win a high place among the great nations, and their pitiful willingness to cast aside whatever bears the marks of earlier, primitive customs, many at heart mourn for the grand days of shogun and daimyo, days of oppression for the poor, it is true, yet grand nevertheless. The leading figures in classical drama are taken from the nobility, nobility is always attractive in the eyes of the subservient class; and though politically all caste lines have been destroyed, the playhouse patrons remain in Japan what they were in England of Shakespeare's day, non-aristocratic.

But this is not all. To the difficulty of entering into the spirit of the play, and the difficulty arising from ignorance of Japanese history, Oriental manners, customs, ideals, there is a stage language and a significance of actions and dress, traditional matters requiring almost as much study as the Japanese tongue. The wonderfully rich costumes may be more than faithful reproductions of long ago fashions. Tone of voice, gesture, the mere

flutter of a fan, may have a hidden eloquence. How stiffly some of the actors walk the stage, how straight their backs when in sitting posture. How unnatural that though the boards may be well peopled, the dialogue is from the mouths of but two or three. Very unreal, we comment; yet our critic explains that, for the times pictured, all is true, though he adds that, since the actors' profession remains in certain families, the calling passed on from generation to generation, mannerisms of long ago stage days are carefully, reverently, preserved. We see enacted not only events which really took place in daimyo days but a dramatic representation almost identical with that which was given a century ago.

It seems a pity that the native drama in any of its various forms should ever disappear, yet such a fate is imminent. There is in Tokyo an Imperial Theatre perfect in its European appointments even to orchestra and presumably asbestos "drop," where the better classes, many of the men in English costumes, endure the discomfort of stiff-backed seats and witness adaptations of Shakespeare's plays and others more modern. I recall a particularly amusing performance of *Anna Karenina* in which the leading lady—in truth an actress, no masculine sham—wore "a pink silk evening dress en train, tan colored walking boots, and a purple hat on the side of her head adorned by a weather-beaten ostrich plume."

Prominent on the program was an advertisement setting forth the healthful qualities of spearmint chewing gum. By way of parenthesis, gum has certainly "arrived," made its spectacular entry, though ultimate conquest is problematic. The youngsters like its sweetness, but it may take a long educational campaign, perhaps with show window demonstrations, to teach the rising generation that gum is primarily for facial exercise, not to be swallowed like a bean-cake delicacy.

The marionettes, one of the earliest forms of drama, have already lost caste; another decade may witness their extinction. The playhouse in Osaka where the one surviving company formerly prospered is now, probably, a moving picture palace. I found them out of the theatre district, in a shabby house fronting a plebeian alley, and sat through an hour or two in the company of poor people of the open-mouthed uneducated class, mostly women and children. The performance was sufficiently unique to warrant a brief description.

There was little to suggest the Punch and Judy ventriloquist show of our boyhood days. The puppets, about half life-size, were manipulated by attendants in black who made no effort to conceal themselves. They were assisted at times by servants in black who moved about freely as occasion required, though all stood or kneeled, I was unable to determine which, in a sort of tank; or in other words

the stage floor was considerably below the footlight level. The marionettes, three or four sometimes appearing at once, were cleverly made up, and so skilfully handled that their movements were reasonably lifelike. There was the usual orchestral accompaniment of three or four instruments, and the dramatic reader, reciter, soloist, or whatever he should be called, who gave the story. It was as if *Lady of the Lake*, reduced mainly to dialogue, were being sung or chanted by a relay of strong-voiced soloists, each doing his canto with fine interpretative skill, while the action was carried on by a pantomimic company. It will readily be seen that success depends in a large measure on the musical skill and dramatic powers of the minstrel. I could almost believe the somewhat fabulous tales of the guide concerning the pay received by a popular singer, and did not question at all his assertion that the stilted movements of actors in regular drama were in part due to studied imitations of the once popular marionettes on the part of famous players of long ago times.

The entire subject of Japanese drama is most interesting, with a history strikingly similar in many ways to the development of the English and the Greek stage. In Chamberlain's *Things Japanese* the matter is treated in popular vein, and a more scholarly account will be found in Aston's *Japanese Literature*. Both writers trace the origin to religious dances, later combined with popular tales, and have

much to say about the primitive No. "It had been the custom," writes Chamberlain, "during the earlier Middle Ages, for a certain class of minstrels to recite the tales in question [popular legends and historical tales] to the accompaniment of the lute. Thus, on a double basis, helped on too perhaps by some echo from the Chinese stage, yet independently developed, the Japanese lyrical drama came into being. Edifices—half dancing-stage, half theatre—were built for the special purpose of representing these No, as the performances were called; and though the chorus, which was at the same time an orchestra, remained, new interest was added in the shape of two individual personages, who moved about and recited portions of the poem in a more dramatic manner. The result was something strikingly similar to the old Greek drama—there was the same chorus, the same stately demeanor of the actors, who were often masked; there was the same sitting in the open air, there was the same quasi-religious strain pervading the whole."

The No are still presented. Like the Masque of Milton's day, they are not for common folk but for gentlemen and ladies of high degree. I would gladly describe a performance—it lasts nearly all day, hour long, serious pieces with farcical comedies interspersed—but it was not my lot to witness this carefully cherished relic of antiquity. Nor did I visit the "movies." That is not strictly true, however. One

day when strolling about Asakusa Park, I did pay five sen at a little window and was ushered up a narrow staircase into a somewhat modern chamber, the seats arranged in tiers, more densely packed with humanity than any room it had ever been my lot to enter. I remained perhaps thirty seconds, long enough to note that on the platform was a gentleman in frock coat explaining to a spellbound audience the thriller that was being pictured on the screen, then edged my way out—and carefully brushed my clothes. The audience was reasonably sweet, but those were cholera days and I was unduly nervous.

From stately No to five sen movies is a far cry; they represent the extremes. Somewhere between the two, let us hope, there will eventually arise a new type of drama, not wholly Oriental nor Occidental, but a combination, perhaps, of the two; yet what a pity it will be if any of the older forms entirely disappear.

CHAPTER XIV

SUNDAY MORNING IN ASAKUSA PARK

THE average tourist is so incurably provincial that many an hour of his stay in Japan is sure to witness a complete upsetting of preconceived notions. His sense of cultural superiority loses weight day by day; the climate does not wholly agree with his normally vigorous mental swagger. I recall, for example, an almost humorous shrinkage in self-esteem and an entirely new appraisement of things Oriental which came one morning while strolling about the spacious grounds of the Imperial University. There are no imposing buildings such as one finds in Cambridge or New Haven, no Stadium, Bowl, nor outdoor theatre, a lamentable lack of green sward and academic elms, yet all the essentials of a quiet, dignified retreat of learning, and not a little of natural beauty—trees, shrubbery, a gem of a lakelet, avenues, and winding paths. It is a reasonably ample equipment for the five thousand or more young men pursuing the various lines of advance work which find a place in the curricula of our best universities.

I wish I knew the name of the student who, chanc-

ing to meet me, courteously volunteered as if it were a matter of course to guide me about, and patiently bore the mild torture of conversing in a tongue imperfectly mastered. Before long a second student joined us, the son of a baron of great political prominence, yet absolutely without superior airs, and together we three wandered from building to building, down by the tennis courts and up to the long-bow archery range, wherever it was thought the stranger might care to go. They were fine fellows and I formed a most favorable impression of the entire student body as group after group issued from laboratory or lecture room, mature men with good faces, dignified in bearing, preternaturally free from roughness—and cigarettes. In all probability some things are better taught in the University than anywhere else in the world. Important fields are covered which the average American college graduate knows nothing about. That 10,000 volume Chinese Encyclopedia in the University library—But enough of this. My theme is not the 35,000 students of university grade and the more than 35,000 students of secondary grade who, according to J. Merle Davis, make Tokyo probably the greatest educational center in the world. The University popped into mind unexpectedly, along with a certain colony of bookshops chanced upon one day, at least a hundred, I think, huddled together within a radius of what would be in Chicago a few blocks. A vast deal of

reading is being done in present day Tokyo. It is a city of newspapers and magazines, a distributing point for the world's literature. Ignorance and superstition must find insecure rooting in a metropolis evidently so enlightened. Thus it would seem; but Japan is a land of wonderful contradictions.

It is Sunday, according to the calendar, yet there is no sabbath calm. Smoke issues from factory chimneys as usual; there is no appreciable lull in industry. A few stores may be closed, schools are not in session, and bank clerks are, I think, free for the day; yet the great city seems as lively as ever. There are the usual street cries, no sound of bells summoning to worship. Let us play pagan for once and go not to church but to temple. We will pay homage to Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy, whose sanctuary is in Asakusa Park, not many miles from the University—down by the river.

What will Asakusa Temple be like? Well, a temple is of course a church, we reason, as the rikishas whirl us through the narrow, crowded streets near the river. A church may be of brick or stone, but wood is certainly more orthodox, white clapboards preferred, with a slender spire. Worship is conceivable in a spireless church, though it is open to suspicion; and there should be a bell up aloft and perchance a clock, unreliable in winter time, and preferably a gilded weathervane. Within, pulpit, pews, stained glass windows. Those who are not

Approach to Temple of Kwannon.

The Big Gate, from the Temple porch.

Feeding the doves.

The Temple porch.

New England Congregationalists may wish to modify these time-honored essentials, adding an altar more or less resplendent, candles, incense, and images. Organ, choir, and minister—almost overlooked in the rapid inventory—are taken for granted.

It is with some such deeply rooted conception that we dismiss the rikishas at a crowded point in one of Tokyo's busiest sections, where once stood the temple's outer gate, a fine structure swept away by fire, with how much more I know not, over half a century ago, and enter a paved street within the temple compound. It is closely lined with rows of low, two-storied shops of red brick, tiny open-front affairs not over twenty feet deep, where small merchandise is offered for sale in wonderful variety—toys, trinkets, candies and cakes, dry goods, kitchen utensils, story-books, picture postals, everything conceivable to coax pennies, especially from women and children, a perennial bazaar, busy from early morning till midnight, a mildly paradisical lane leading to holier things beyond. In many ways worship and trade, in Japan, are closely allied; certainly they are not antagonistic. We join the throng, adding a slight contribution to the strangely high-pitched refrain made by hundreds upon hundreds of clogs, stopping frequently, however, now to watch the children grouped about the shop where dolls are the only articles of sale, now to marvel at the artistic merit of common household utensils in a neighboring booth,

or to study a party of country people returning from worship. It is one of the most interesting street shows in all Japan.

At the far end looms the Inner Gate, a huge two-storied, double-bonneted red structure with massive doors wide open, guarded by Nio, horrible "kings" whose mission it is to frighten away demons. Strange that these repulsive red gods, monster policemen, do not terrify little children. Throw a moistened pellet at one of these gods and if it sticks, the fondest wish of your heart may come true. It is a common practice so old that there must be virtue in it. And if you wish to become a good walker, add a pair of sandals to the immense ones already tied to the wire grating in front of the images. The bigger the votive sandal, the stronger your stride will become—perhaps. Give the praying-wheel, near by, a turn for good luck; then pass through the gate and enter the temple yard, first pausing, however, to note the canopied temple bell, a deep toned, sonorous fellow without a clapper. In earthquake lands bells are not suspended above roofs; the belfry stands a little to one side of the temple, by itself, and is sounded by means of an appropriately large swinging battering-ram.

The yard, graveled to right and left of the wide medial pavement, and fairly well shaded, is a busy place. Notice the tables here and there where, for a small coin, the children may buy little saucers of

grain for the pigeons. Vegetarian Buddha taught kindness to all animals; shall we please him by purchasing a bird of the old woman yonder and freeing it from its prison cage? Before entering the temple we may, if we wish to follow custom, purify ourselves. To the right, beneath its heavy roof, is a big granite font, a so-called "sacred lavatory." First, put a coin in the long-handled wooden dipper extended by the priestly attendant who sits behind the reservoir and he will pour water over your hands. The smaller dipper is for rinsing the mouth. It is quite inexpensive, possibly free, save for the diminutive towel, for those too poor to pay.

The temple, a hall one hundred feet square, with lofty tiled roof steeply inclined to meet more gently sloping eaves shading a wide balcony which runs entirely round the building (a splendid place for children to play, and how they do enjoy it!) is approached by a wide flight of metal-edged steps leading up to the porch with its four massive pillars, red, like the rest of the temple exterior. It is unnecessary to remove shoes, no matter how muddy, for the half—or thereabouts—of the hall open to ordinary worshipers is boarded with wide, roughly planed planks, quite like a barn or warehouse.

What a strange interior, and what a din! No sacred music, unless it be that some priest is beating an accompaniment to his intoned chant on a hollow fish-shaped wooden drum; no sermon except that the

entire show drives home the truth of many a text; no dim religious light, but oppressive gloom, and steam from the great incense burner at the middle entrance, a two-handed celestial teakettle without a spout, proudly bronze yet incongruously domestic in its suggestion; no meditation-inviting silence, but the scraping of clogs, the clapping of hands by those offering their brief prayers before the resplendent central altar, the constant clang of gong struck by the swaying rope which hangs near each minor shrine, and the jingle of coins tossed into the big slatted contribution boxes here and there.

It is a dingy, dirty place. The red pillars supporting the tremendous transversal beams on which the roof rests are well limed by the doves that fly in and out. Inquisitive eyed hens wander about the floor. It is a place of lanterns. There are four big, cylindrical ones, perhaps twenty feet by six, swinging from aloft, five or more spherical ones, and each of the minor cupboard-like shrines is lanterned too. Walls and ceilings are tawdry—to the Western eye—with paintings and what not, gifts, like the lanterns, which add to the bizarre effect.

The main altar does not monopolize the attention of worshipers; there are a number of minor shrines to right and left and nearer the porch. Most popular is that of Bingura, god of sickness, wearing a very dirty bib. Watch! A mother with her little girl approaches, rubs the god's brow, then the brow of the

child. Perhaps that cures headache. In an hour's time we shall see fifty of the credulous doing the same, rubbing the part of the god corresponding to the part of the patient afflicted. The poor deity's nose is all but obliterated, with no perceptible improvement in the snuffles of youthful Tokyo. Eventually this microbe distributer, doctors' friend, will be quite rubbed out, which might be well, were not wood, paint, and sculptor's skill so abundant that any week might create a new one. Even more pathetic is the gold or bronze headed god bearing a child in his arms. To the wire netting in front are attached caps, capes, and other garments belonging to dead children. One wrinkled grandam in particular attracts our attention. For what dear one she is praying, hoping thereby to alleviate purgatorial suffering, we know not, but may her prayers—it is pathetic to see how she lingers—bring solace to her heart. And here comes a mother bearing in her arms a child clad in scarlet. Hers an older grief, it may be. The child rings the gong, snapping the tasseled cord against it; the mother whispers a brief prayer, spits, and passes on. Before a third shrine, where beauty is prayed for, hang several switches of black hair. They and a vase of faded flowers, are they bribes or gifts of gratitude? we wonder.

Trade is brisk within the temple. You may buy incense sticks and cast them into the big burner, sprigs of pine such as are seen attached to the netting

protecting minor shrines, a bag of sacred dirt (swept up nightly from the floor), little pictures of Kwannon that are charms against sickness and lighten the pains of child-birth. To the left of the great altar sit priests, each with smokebox conveniently near, selling fortune-telling slips. If the legend the slip contains does not satisfy, it helps, apparently, to tie the wisp to some wire netting. There stands a swaying worshiper—one sees but few thus "overtaken" in Tokyo—who is untwisting with drunken fingers a tissue wisp that someone has left—borrowing his luck. Perhaps that last drink of sake took the coin which should have gone to the fortune-telling priest, and perhaps it does not matter. He seems happy, as do most of the hundreds who throng the temple, men, women, and children, and very pretty is the sight of a mere babe imitating its mother, putting palms together and bowing with closed eyes. The older children carry toys purchased at the neighboring bazaar. In Japan it is quite good form to blow a brand-new whistle, price one sen, in church. And necessity may receive attention. Witness the mother nursing her babe on the temple steps. The little one is not in her arms but strapped to the back of sister, who is perhaps twelve years old. The arrangement seems perfectly satisfactory to all concerned.

Before leaving the temple, take a long look at what lies beyond the protecting wire net separating the

The God of Sickness.

Altar of a Buddhist shrine.

holier regions from the portion reserved for common worshipers. What the eye sees almost at a glance will fade from memory long before one forgets the credulous worshipers. In the center is the dazzling high altar, ultra-Catholic in its golden richness of lamps and sacred vessels and images, in the heart of which is the shrine containing a tiny statue of the Goddess of Mercy, never exposed to public gaze. It is guarded against demons by monster gods almost as ugly as the two Kings at the inner gate. Note the thirty or more images, two or three feet high, representing earthly manifestations of Kwannon. To left and right of the high altar are minor ones dedicated to the God of Wisdom and the God of Love, the latter three-eyed and six-handed; and, adding to the general tawdry effect, is a generous supply of votive attractions, noticeable among which is a toy pagoda, a wall-case containing one thousand statuettes of the Goddess, and a plate glass mirror obviously European. It will hardly be necessary to penetrate beyond this main display, though a priest is ready, for a small fee, to lead the stocking-footed tourist about sacred matted areas and explain, in Japanese which one does not understand, the mural paintings and all the rest so deeply interesting to antiquary and student of art. Such things do not appeal strongly to us; it is pleasanter to follow the crowd.

Near the great temple are minor buildings which, were we not becoming a bit wearied, might command

attention: a pagoda, a revolving-library building, a sacred dance pavilion, a Shinto shrine erected in honor of the three fishermen who, so the legend runs, one day found in their net the little golden image now worshiped in the big fane, and, most pathetic of all, the building containing a multitude of stone images of Jizo, patron god of children, where bereaved parents bring the playthings once dear to their lost ones. Scattered about are fine lanterns of bronze and stone, such as form a feature of every temple compound.

Asakusa is a park, with trees, shrubbery, pond, graceful stone bridges, and other attractions which render it dear to nature-loving Japanese. It is also what Mr. Terry calls a Coney Island—without a beach, of course. Following the crowds who take the paths to the left, paths lined with hucksters' stands and refreshment booths, we enter one of the liveliest amusement centers in the world,—no shoot-the-chutes nor scenic railway, but aquarium, menagerie, shows of all kinds. One narrow street, so densely packed that we must edge our way through the orderly crush, is hemmed in with moving picture houses—a street gay with countless banners, flags, and lurid show bills, yet strangely quiet, though at many an entrance stands the "barker" announcing the greatest show on earth and inviting the crowd to step up to the little window where a pretty miss takes in coins. There are halls where the Oriental story-teller half sings, half narrates tales ancient and

modern, fortune-tellers' booths, shooting alleys, restaurants, all forming a perfect paradise for simple folk with slender purses. In the center rises a twelve-storied building, a tower over two hundred feet high. Climbing its narrow stairway, for the rickety elevator, packed to suffocation, presents a needless risk, we may look down upon the temple grounds, the amusement quarters so closely adjacent, the geisha settlement near by, and narrow streets where callings more questionable are followed. A short mile away, undistinguishable in the gray sea of tiled roofs, lies the Yoshiwara, the most famous prostitute quarter in all the world, where thousands of women live their short lives in almost palatial houses under police protection and government sanction.

The dull faced attendants who shamble about the temple of Kwannon or calmly smoke their pipes while sitting back of their fire-boxes are followers of Buddha. The scriptures in the temple library record the teachings of Buddha and his early disciples. As the rikishas hurry us back to the hotel for a late dinner—the morning has slipped away with wonderful swiftness—it is inevitable that our thoughts should be of the great and good man who, twenty-five centuries ago, rejected the religion of his people and, through years of self-imposed denial and patient meditation, evolved a new ideal of human thought and conduct almost Christlike, in which low passions

and base appetites were to be mastered and the mind to rise supreme from the thraldom of worldly sorrow and worldly ambition—plain living and high thinking, and love for all created things. His religion was of this world, he said nothing of a celestial hereafter; yet if there be a heaven, perhaps it is not sacrilege to think that Buddha is there. Few mortals have done more for the uplift of mankind. If he looks down upon his native India, upon China, Japan, wherever the name of Buddha is reverenced, what must be his emotions, if spiritual beings are swayed by feelings akin to those of mortals? To us the temple of Kwannon typifies a once noble religion in the last stages of decay, worship commercialized, degraded to suit the fancied requirements of the unthinking lower strata of humanity, blindly credulous. It may be, however, that beneath the outer garment which to earthly eyes seems so strangely pagan, the spirit of Buddha sees much that is pure and sweet and potent of good. Still one may hazard the guess that if the great founder of a religion which still sways its millions were to return to this world he would feel more at home in the Imperial University than in the temple of Kwannon. Whatever else he may have been, he was a brainy man.

It would be wrong to leave the impression that what one sees in the temple of Kwannon is strictly typical, the only form which worship takes in Japan. Not many miles from Asakusa park, in a section far

more aristocratic, stands the Shinto shrine Yasukuni Jinja, sacred to the memory of the soldiers who have died for their country since the Restoration. No lane of petty shops leads to it; there are no elaborate temple gates. A huge torii of sombre iron marks the outer approach, between which and a smaller, less imposing torii of wood, we follow a wide, granite pavement through a graveled park to the temple yard. The buildings are beautiful in their simplicity—an oratory and the temple proper, connected by corridors enclosing a small rectangular court, with a few minor buildings, presumably priestly quarters, to left and right. The oratory is simply a neatly matted hall, practically unfurnished save for a few silk hangings. Worshipers do not enter, but stand at the foot of stone steps in the shade of the porch, look through the oratory and across the court to the holier temple, where little may be seen except a large, centrally located mirror.

I stood, one morning, for an hour or more, watching the worshipers, men mostly, not a few accompanied by children, enter the yard through the simple torii, cleanse hands and mouth, throw their coins into the contribution box, clap the hands, bow the head, whisper a brief prayer, linger a few minutes, then go away not in haste, nor with the air of one who has performed an unpleasant duty through motives of prudence, but thoughtfully, as if filled with a spirit of gratitude. There was no suggestion of

paganism; it was as if a company of loyal Americans had paused for a few minutes before the tomb of Grant or Lincoln, baring the head in reverential respect. While I tarried, priests in canonical hats and white or colored robes entered the oratory from the right, and, after silent prayer, crossed the court to the holy of holies, there receiving and presenting, ceremoniously, the morning offerings of food. It was all very impressive. Nothing grated against one's puritan sensibilities. Patriotism and gratitude, whether expressed in a temple or in a New England cemetery on Decoration Day, are close akin to worship.

Appraising a nation's religion is not a task for little minds, much less for the superficial tourist. What Japan's religion has been, we know fairly well, though through lack of perfect sympathy the eyes of even the most careful investigator may be blind to admirable features. What her religion now is, probably even the wisest could not define. There are temples everywhere, many but poorly supported and dropping to decay, yet few wholly deserted, and a large majority are thronged on festival days. There are shrines everywhere, and these too are still popular. Few homes are without their altars. So far as outward appearances go, Japan is still pagan, her worship idolatrous. But religiously as well as intellectually she is in a transitional state. The range of intelligence between the day laborer who is

little more than a beast of burden and the scholarly statesman who ranks easily with the statesmen in our own land is so wide that there can be no uniform advance toward newer and better moral ideals. Shintoism, a combination of nature and ancestor worship, is still powerful as a religion though to many it is now but a cult. Buddhism is still powerful; yet while millions pray to idols it is not to be supposed that professors from the Imperial University approve of all that is done in the temple of Kwannon, though they may accept the teachings of Buddha. What the outcome will be, few are bold enough to prophesy, though it is safe to say that a century hence the religion of Japan will still differ from that to be found in Western lands, in spirit if not in outward form. National traits are permanent.

CHAPTER XV

HAKONE NOTES

HAKONE lies just this side of dreamland. Many a night I loiter there. It is found on the map southeast of Fuji, near the sea, somewhat apart from the highways of commerce, yet reasonably accessible. Leaving the main line at Kodzu, after an hour in the crowded electric tram, the traveler reaches Yumoto, and from there it is a pleasant four mile walk by government road up the narrow valley of the Hayakawa to Miyanoshita, a quaint little side-hill town that loves the highway which brings tourists from all quarters of the globe; for Miyanoshita has become, through the impelling beauty of its surroundings, a place of hotels and villas. It is the social capital of the region, though Lake Hakone, seven or eight miles beyond, is the heart. I will not attempt a connected account of the days spent in this mountain paradise but simply cull passages from my notebook.

The thatched roof summerhouse where I am sitting is near a cement tennis court and a few rods from the finest outdoor swimming pool I have ever seen. The

big tank is fed by a tepid brook that tumbles down the wooded slope with a pretty roar, furnishes a whole family of waterfalls in the garden and rockery directly behind the hotel, enlivens a pool or two where golden and blue-back carp lead a life of agreeable captivity, then plunges on to join the river below. I look down on the tiled roofs of the hotel, a central building to which are linked a number of smaller ones forming a crescent. The village, so steep are the sides of the valley, is entirely hidden. Clouds hang about the mountain which rises so abruptly beyond the river, green slopes, with depressions filled with grape-blue haze. I can just make out a saw-tooth trail climbing up through the coarse grass to the skyline. Between me and the hotel are well-kept grounds—gardens, stone stairways, gravel paths, pine trees, maples in autumnal foliage, shrubbery. Rocks are scattered about as only the Japanese gardener knows how to place them, and there is a gray stone lantern, pagoda shaped, where an American might have been guilty of placing a statue. To my right and higher up is a grove of cryptomerias, the Orient's most stately tree. The path running through it climbs to a teahouse, whence a fine view of Fuji. Mountains, everywhere mountains, not craggy giants lording it over the lowlands, but smooth appearing slopes well covered with vegetation; beauty everywhere, peace, quiet, save for the roar of the brook and an occasional bird note. It is a trifle chilly.

How different from sultry Kamakura of yesterday. Miyanoshita is 1377 feet above sea level.

The hotel is most attractive. I like the idea of one central building flanked by smaller ones, the whole suggesting not a crescent but a lagoon. (No, lagoon is not the word. What is the name applied to a coral reef island encircling a body of calm water to which there is but a narrow inlet?) If one is a Russian embassador with a retinue, he may have a villa all to himself. There are attractive suites for rich Americans, and tiny rooms approached by cool, stone-paved passageways, monastic in suggestion, for the hermit-minded. The baths are delicious. No furnace heats the water, yet there are the three brass faucets labeled *hot*, *cold*, *tepid*. Hot springs are a great luxury, though the poetic-minded may work up a pretty pathos at the thought of rills lured from their mountain fastnesses and imprisoned, even though but for a few hours, in blind, utilitarian pipes. The streams which provide the gardens with such a wonderful variety of miniature cascades are apparently happy, though. They come tumbling down pathways nice enough for any stream, linger curiously about in quiet pools, then rush with loud laughter into the ravine.

The service is admirable. Especially attractive are the fresh country girls, not too carefully trained, who serve in the big diningroom. I wonder which of

Fujiya Hotel

Hakone hillsides.

them arranged the vase of chrysanthemums at each table—not large bouquets, but three or four tall-stemmed beauties carefully wired. Perhaps all are equally expert. Everything, within and without, is kept sweet and neat. Even the fishpools are scrubbed twice a month and trees are carefully manicured. The dark needles of the pines are picked off before they are browned. Labor is cheap in Japan.

I am sitting in a comfortable chair just outside the sun parlor watching an elderly couple promenading up and down the gravel walk, now stopping to pet a shaggy poodle who really does not appreciate their attentions, now to admire a row of dwarf trees, perhaps brought out from the hotel for an airing. A few of the trees are in pots but many of them simply cling to mossy stones, just as their loftier brothers cling to the hillside. Not a one is over two feet high, yet all may be twenty, fifty, a hundred years old—odd little wizened pigmies grotesquely gnarled and twisted. I wonder if it was by design that they were so lined up as to silhouette against the mountain wall miles away. First, in a rectangular basin, a centenarian (I suspect) with wide-spreading branches horizontal or downward dipping, extreme height not over fifteen inches, with a huge crag at the base of its trunk that would easily slip into a two quart measure. Next a grove of five, no two stems in line, one towering a whole inch above its neighbors, and one leaning,

all clinging to a mountain crag twelve inches by twenty. Then a wilderness, thirty slender-stemmed evergreens growing miraculously out of a mossy stone. Behold the solitary maple, a trunk not four inches high, from which issues horizontally a single graceful branch. One more of the long line of Lilliputians will suffice, three evergreens rooted to a rocky promontory finely lichened.

What a land of topsy-turvy contrast: lofty cryptomerias, trees the height of a blade of grass; majestic Mt. Fuji, tiny soup plate gardens with microscopic pools, bridges, and shrines; great bronze Buddhas, images of gods carved from single grains of rice; fleet men-o'-war, lazy junks with quilted sails; bushido, chivalry, yet so much that is sadly unchivalric.

I begin to suspect my guide, not because though an ex-minister, Church of England, he worships devoutly at each temple and shrine, for that may be broad-minded tolerance, or possibly a prudent move to neutralize my corrupting influence. It is rather that he leads me to hotels so attractive in their immediate surroundings that he is reasonably sure I will dismiss him morning after morning as a particularly superfluous incumbrance. While he fattens in the Japanese wing of the hotel, possibly receiving not only my two dollars a day but a little extra from the proprietor so long as his charge remains en-

thralled, I go dreaming about alone, now chancing upon a delicious little teahouse with diminutive rock-embowered garden and pool of hungry goldfish, now following a brook up its shady ravine to a convention of tiny waterfalls tumbling down a mossy ledge, now fearfully ascending or descending ancient stone stairways which always lead to private preserves so fascinating as to make one unmindful of the fact that he is a trespasser, and all the time rejoicing that the guide is not along trying to improve his English by keeping up a stream of conversation. But my commercial spirit is getting uneasy; the fellow must be made to earn his salt. We'll pack up and move on. Not today, however, no, not today.

Still idling in Miyanoshita. I ought to be leaving, but my films will not be ready till tomorrow. Perhaps the guide is in league with the photographer. Photography! "Come and see me," Japan says; "I am very beautiful." But her beauty cannot be caught. Point the lens and presto! mists, if not rain. I've wasted a roll of film on that little goldfish teahouse alone, and nothing remotely suggesting a tithe of its fascinating greenery. Under the best of conditions a camera is a poor thing; it takes no account of color, fibs repeatedly in regard to distance, and does not pretend to register fragrance or the voices of little children. Rain or shine, tomorrow we go. If the prints are not ready, they can be mailed

"collect." But how I should like to stay on for a week or two.

Started this morning for Hakone, eight miles from Miyanoshita, taking the military road up over the mountains back of the hotel. Two porters carried our heavy luggage. The road is steep and winding, in general following the course of brooks, with fine views at every turn. Halfway up the pass we rested at a comfortable teahouse, where a party of Japanese women and children, traveling in a commodious carriage, were having lunch. The children were greatly amused by a playful monkey who jumped down from his perch to my shoulder and picked my pocket of a handkerchief, afterwards using it in a manner quite proper. Monkeys are native to Japan, but I have never seen one out of captivity. Continuing, we took many short cuts, very steep and often moist, till the summit was reached, a plateau infested with sulphur springs that made their presence known. Here we passed through a dreary settlement, a minor bathing resort, then slipped down into Hakone, two little down-at-the-heels villages on the shore of a beautiful lake set among smoothly rounded hills and mountains, with Fuji in the distance, the summit veiled as usual, though streaks of snow were visible lower down, through the clouds.

After tiffin at the Hakone Hotel, a half-and-half sort of country inn with a French bill of fare, Japa-

nese baths, and a few pieces of American furniture, we strolled about rather aimlessly, and by chance lit upon a tiny shop where inlaid cabinet work is done. The region, it seems, is famed for craft of this kind. It was a one room affair. A man sat on the floor—benches are rare in Japan—waxing a bit of inlaid work and polishing it vigorously, using one bare foot to steady the piece. Many of the Japanese artisans are practically four-handed. Facing him sat his wife, not working, but bringing him cheer. Between the two, a fire-box, for comfort presumably, though perhaps of service in melting wax. A kitten dozed on the workman's knee. By his side was a young son or apprentice, also polishing. The workers did not pause to welcome us but kept steadily at it. There were piles of little cabinets, half-completed, in one corner, things far too artistic to suggest foreign trade. The inquisitive tourist was informed that the workman received about fifty cents apiece for them. In our country they would retail for ten dollars perhaps. But all were engaged, part of a large order placed by a city merchant. Fifty cents! And yet the workers seemed happy, contented. I liked that kitten particularly well, and the wife, and the swift industry, and the artistry.

Later, we visited, on the outskirts of the village, a once famous temple, six hundred years old, the guide affirmed, so beautiful in its seclusion that I must devote half a day to it tomorrow. To me, not

the undeniably beautiful lake, nor the imperial villa which crowns a promontory, nor the picturesquely shabby village street is the main attraction, but that lonely temple, from which two aged pilgrims, gowned in white, with scrip, staff, and wide brimmed hat, were departing as we climbed the mossy steps.

Marooned. The rain began gently while we were at the temple, began all over again at seven, and again at nine, since when it has kept steadily at it. I somehow feel that this wet spell has been brought on by the guide out of revenge for yesterday's long walk. He seems very happy. And yet there is evidence in the "Visiters' Book" that rain is not unknown in this region. I quote:

There was a young man named Malone,
And he came five times to Hakone.
The first four were wet,
And he was upset,
But the fifth time was fine for Malone.

A lovable, truthful fellow, human as to temper, yet free from resentment, no doubt. Notice how much sweeter his disposition than that of the following bard:

I came over here to Hakone,
On a horse very wilful and bony,
To see Fuji-san;
But I'm switched if I can,
And I claim the return of my money.

Lake Hakone.

Hakone village, with royal villa in the distance.

The old Tokaido, near Hakone. Military roads are fast supplanting such old thoroughfares.

Plainly a coarse-grained man who classes sublime Fuji with a league ball game. I have softened not a little the fourth line. No page of this entertaining book is quite free from uncomplimentary references to the weather, though perhaps the more than occasional note in European or Asiatic characters is in cheerful vein. I am ashamed to confess that the American "visiters" appear to be a conspicuously discourteous lot. Probably it is true that we are known the world over for our crude impoliteness. Of peculiar interest are a number of passages like the following: "I visit Hakone for good learn. For here is many seane and encient various place. So that seen it and think the old period." To the nature loving Japanese student, rain is but a part of his dear homeland, lovable like everything else connected with it. The village street is a section of the old Tokaido, and not far from the hotel is the "encient place" where, centuries before the invention of rikishas, all who journeyed between Kyoto and Tokyo must present passports and undergo examination. Hakone was a livelier town in earlier days, a favorite place for breaking the long journey.

The "Visiters' Book" read through, I sit by the hour looking out across the storm-swept lake to misty hills, beyond which lies Fuji-san, invisible. The little yard between the hotel and the lake is a fascinating bit, with its red paling agleam in the rain. At one side of the dividing path is a wistaria arbor,

the massive parent stem rooted some distance away from the supporting trellises. In one corner, near the water, is a pine tree, beneath which stands a little red shrine on a rockery, with a mossy lantern-stone near by. Two summerhouses look down on the boat landing. There are a number of ornamental trees, each neatly trimmed, but the few scraggly pines are more attractive.

My thought wanders back time and again to the temple. It is but a small one, not in fresh repair, yet ideal in its setting. It rests on a little plateau or shelf on a densely wooded hillside; indeed it is quite surrounded by trees, many of them now in gay foliage, though the approach from the lake is up a long, narrow stairway lined by the finest, tallest cryptomerias I have yet seen. The torii at the head of the staircase is hoary gray; the stone parapet guarding the temple grounds is gray with moss; gray and green with lichen and moss are the lions guarding the entrance. It is a place to linger in, a quiet retreat for saint, scholar, poet, philosopher.

There's no telling what a day may bring forth. I had expected to remain imprisoned all the afternoon, but at lunch the one lone boarder at the hotel, a representative of a German export house, enduring his internment philosophically, invited me to his villa, a few rods away, which meant a comfortable armchair in a warm room and two hours of de-

lightful talk on many topics—the war, education, business, the wonderful natural beauty of Hakone, and, most interesting to me, Japanese character. The Japanese, he thought, were unquestionably æsthetic, industrious, extremely ambitious, extremely vain and easily flattered. They lacked the philosophical mind (this I questioned), and were weak in organization power, lacked the pioneer spirit. They seldom invent, dare not go ahead where risk is involved. They appear at their best to the traveler from a foreign land, at their worst to the business man. The coolie, though he enjoys a ten sen "squeeze," is dependable; the peasant is frugal, hard-working beyond belief, happy, courteous; the educated class are less lovable. Up to a certain point they are good students, but study is to them merely a means to an end—a position; that secured, they lose interest. Those who study hard, or live professional lives, die young, and infant mortality the country over is appalling. As to Japan's military future, he was uncertain, yet he expressed the fear that her flattering success in the wars with China and Russia might lead her into rash action.

Yesterday at eight left Hakone for the nearest railway station, nine miles off. To turn Japanese miles into English, multiply by six, add four, divide by one-half, subtract nothing—and then be as hopeful as you can. Double everything in case it rains,

and I am two-thirds convinced that it always rains in Hakone. I never saw rain more industrious, a steady downpour for forty-eight hours. Two coolies carried the luggage, well protected with large sheets of oiled paper, obtainable anywhere and very serviceable. We travelers wore these sheets as waterproof capes, carried oiled paper umbrellas (they look light but are much heavier than ours), and protected our shoes with straw-woven sandals (five cents a pair, good for but one day of hard usage). The way led steeply up a hill or series of hills, then down, down, down, the twelve foot roadway very slippery and too roughly paved for rikisha, if not for wagon. Here and there were stretches bordered with ancient pines; occasionally we caught glimpses of rolling farm country, but for the most part the journey meant walking among clouds, through rain or mists, getting wetter and wetter. I enjoyed it hugely on the guide's account, and kept his tongue busy, asking him questions about everything Japanese from funerals to soy, without listening except to note when he had exhausted a topic. The two hamlets passed through were not attractive; in many cases the homes were far from neat yet stopping a little short of squalor. It was pleasant, however, to look in here and there on working groups—sandal makers, rice winnowers, mat weavers, pipe makers, etc. Nine miles of this slump, slump, slump, picking stones with care, blinded with mist, and clothes be-

coming heavier at every step; then a town is reached where we take an electric car, small, old, rattly, crowded to suffocation, which brings us to the railway. The second-class coach was so dirty that I took refuge in a first-class compartment and rode in solitary state for hours till the train reached Nagoya. For once, the guide has earned his wage. I actually feel sorry for him. After all, he is a good man, with a school teacher wife and a family of children down Kobe way. I wonder if he would resent it if I were to offer him a new supply of collars. He would look much better, though, without any. European dress is not becoming to him.

CHAPTER XVI

FROM KOBE TO MIYAJIMA

It began innocently with an unpremeditated smile, promptly returned with compound interest. There it might have ended had she not made challenging advances, to wit, walking by me on her way to the water spigot. Goddess never wore anything more fascinating than her dainty kimono, obviously designed for speedy execution. Besides, she smiled again, going and coming, which made three times. Later, with no ulterior motive, I passed up her way, en route for the diner. She was asleep. Or perhaps it was a ruse. To be caught asleep is a severe test for all save the most perfect types of beauty. The mouth is apt to drop open, or something like that. She bore the test remarkably well. Rather than disturb her, I left my oranges with her brother. After tiffin, more smiles, and finally another stroll up the aisle toward the water spigot, with an apologetic salt-herring-for-breakfast look on her face, obviously feigned. I swooped and caught her. So plainly counterfeit was her surprise one could see that she meant all along to be caught. She was a

model prisoner. Photographs of the youngsters back home seemed to interest her hugely, especially the little one. That all might be in strict accord with nice decorum, she took back to her young mother my visiting card. This, after a quick inventory that noted my gray temples, was acknowledged with a nod of approval. After a polite interval the midget made what might be termed a party call, convoyed by brother in spotless pinafore apron, bringing a return gift of two large apples. Brother wishes to see the photographs too and pays for the privilege liberally with choicely assorted grins. He is most interested in the picture of the little boy. Later, the trio passed into the diner, and during their absence I left the train. This innocent affair is by far the pleasantest thing that happened between Kobe and Onomichi, a 138 mile journey, though the car window furnished attractive glimpses of farming villages tucked away among the hills. The level lowlands with rice fields marked off in odd patterns, the thriftily terraced slopes beyond, and the cottages, thatched or tiled, formed pictures that were poems. The occasional city with its unpoetical chimneys testified that southern Japan is more prosperous than northern, owing to the phenomenal growth of manufacture.

Kobe, a city of about 450,000 inhabitants, is on Osaka Bay, near the northeastern entrance to the Inland Sea. Exclusive of harbor life, for Kobe is the

busiest port in Japan, the place is uninteresting, even more modern than Yokohama. One resents the wide streets, the substantial business houses, the manufacturing plants too large to be picturesque, and the comfortable homes. Even the two big hotels, one near the water front, the other a veritable castle clinging to the side of the bold ridge that girts the harbor, are complete in luxurious appointments and too modern in tariff. Then there is the foreign population—the British element prominent—materially augmented since the war began. Finally, it is a port of call for large steamers plying between Asia and America; hence one meets tourists daily who speak English and do an immense amount of hurried shopping, principally on one long street, where it is unsafe for a gentleman to take wife and daughters, unless his pockets are well lined with express checks. Nowhere in all Japan is travel more expensive than between Tor Hotel and the Bund where one is ferried out to the steamships through the tangle of small freighters and baggage boats.

It is with hesitancy that these wives and daughters are mentioned. In a way they are a welcome sight after a month or two spent in districts where days and days pass without glimpse of any save natives. They bring a feeling of homesickness, and yet—well, let me blurt it forth. How monstrously tall, lank, they are compared with petite Japanese ladies, and what giant strides! And the hats—oh the hats, entirely

Fuji, the sublime.

The Inland Sea.

superfluous and rhyming with nothing! It is impossible to realize what a frightfully incongruous thing is a shirtwaist and skirt combination until it appears in unhappy proximity to the Greek-like kimono. Short skirts and shoes black or tan, throwing into prominence thick ankles, and—*b-r-r-r!* As for the dinner gowns at the hotel, they seem to have a carefully studied purpose that would shock the native peasant woman who goes innocently about her home clad merely in a garment almost too brief to be called petticoat, serving a husband wearing still less. But enough. The tyranny of fashion renders it difficult to appraise either morals or taste.

After such a diatribe it is but fair to confess that while in Kobe I had brought home to me in humiliating fashion the unsuspected crudeness of my own sense of propriety. It happened as follows: I had asked at the hotel office for a rikisha to take me to the Tourist Bureau. "Can't get through," the clerk volunteered, glancing at the clock. "The Emperor's train arrives in just five minutes. The way will be blocked at the foot of the hill for perhaps an hour. Better wait." The Emperor! I rushed for a rikisha, and the runner, inspired by promise of double pay, raced down the street at a terrfying rate. Sure enough, where the railroad crosses, the way was blocked by a dense crowd. Fine! From my elevated seat I shall be able to see over all the black heads. I will wave my hat and hurrah with all the rest. Long

live the Mikado! He has sent me an invitation to his chrysanthemum party and I'll stand by him. The United States is the grandest nation on earth, but every American should show good will toward all powers and principalities when in the realms of said and such. The rikisha boy interrupts most courteously, though there are lines faintly suggesting irritation in his honest face. The Japanese are great mind readers. Would I kindly dismount? he asks in faulty English. It is the Mikado who comes. It is the custom. Thoroughly shamed, I remove my plebeian self to the ground and become one with a most silent, decorous crowd, every face turned up the track and reverently waiting. It is all so impressive that I scarcely look when the train speeds by, five or six coaches drawn by an engine "togged out" with ribbons. Somewhere in that train there is a deity, direct descendant of the Sun Goddess.

This vision withdrawn, the multitude hastens, yet in perfect order, toward a prominent business street, through which the Emperor and his escort must pass before embarking for the naval review. I follow, rather thoughtful, and stand for perhaps half an hour in the midst of a crowd made up of thousands. Few of the multitude can see the line of march yet all are perfectly good natured nevertheless. But what is this? One of the officers in charge is looking my way and saying something. His are not the only eyes that are making a target of me. Very embarrassing,

really. Plainly something is wrong. Should I remove shoes? Several of my neighbors make it clear that I have guessed at the wrong end. My hat—it is still on, and the Mikado approaching! What if he should see it! My knees tremble. What indeed if he should! My hat comes off. I straighten my tie; then, recalling that I have been told how impolite it is to sit with overcoat on even in a business office, no matter if teeth are chattering with cold, it seems prudent to remove my raincoat. Across the way I can see that neatly dressed school girls, drawn up with military precision, line the sidewalk and keep back the less worthy crowd. Happening to glance up, I am surprised to find every window tightly shuttered. When the ruler of the realm passes, there is but one place for subjects, and that is on the ground. But attention all! The procession is drawing near, first a few men on horseback, then carriages, in one of which—it is green, and there are bunches of chrysanthemums at the side—rides his Majesty, then more carriages containing dignitaries, and a trail of rikishas. Not a cheer from the crowd, no martial music, but respectful, reverential silence. Whether they be intuitive or imposed I know not, but the manners of the common people in Japan are much finer, I fear, than—well, mine.

All this by way of lengthy digression. I left the train at Onomichi. Needless to remark, it was raining. Yokohama was entered in rain, and Tokyo,

likewise Nikko, Sendai, Muroran, Akita, Osaka, Kobe, and as many more places. I am slowly developing fins and flapping gills. It is merely a matter of time and kind—probably carp. The rain, however, is immaterial; another matter is pressing to the fore. Onomichi is not only a getting-off place but a jumping-off as well. The guide has been dismissed. Coral ring and rattle have been cast aside, as it were; at last I am free, emancipated, alone. From the railway station the town looks like a particularly uninteresting, bedraggled huddle of sponge-like shops and dwellings strung along muddy streets. I have not the slightest idea where to go.

In this moment of acute perplexity a life buoy bobs up, the ubiquitous red capped porter. "Onomichi Hotel," I say with an air which has little courage behind it. There ought to be a hotel of that name, I reason, even if there isn't, getting ready to feel aggrieved. In a twinkle the porter has seized my bags and is off on a run, soon darting round a corner and disappearing altogether. Robbed, and in broad daylight! Robbed and lost in a strange, water-soaked town, with no recourse but a little dictionary that has already led me into several scrapes. Hello, here he comes back again, smiling, and bearing a huge umbrella. Fine fellow, you shall have double wage. Ten minutes later I am in a comfortable six mat room, looking out over the harbor, a narrow strait between the mainland and an island. The fire-bowl furnishes

sufficient heat, and the proprietress, who possesses good interpretative powers in addition to perhaps fifty words of English, has brought—bless her, but curse it—a cup of coffee which courtesy (remember Kobe!) forbids my declining, and I dare not throw it out the window for fear of getting caught in the act. Possibly it could be secreted temporarily in a rubber and disposed of after dark. But no, the bestower of this choice nectar remains to see me enjoy it.

The inn is but a rod or two from the water. Little steamers, bound no doubt for some of the thousands of islands dotting the Inland Sea, go chugging by. Countless sampans, each with its low roof of matting, work their way inch by inch up to the wharfs or glide swiftly out with the running tide, and there are junks a plenty. A fine big fellow, two masted, unpainted, is moored right in front of the window. Better than play-going is it just to sit by the hour and watch that clumsy craft, its squared nose near enough to suggest inquisitiveness, and the smaller craft in midstream, and the hills across the strait, with more distant crests appearing and disappearing through the misty rain.

Onomichi's streets present little of novelty. The open front stores are but moderately interesting; yet one is apt to linger longer than he realizes to watch the basket weaver, the cooper, and the makers of wooden dippers, or to witness scenes more domestic, like the soapless shaving of an infant's head, the

babe held in the arms of a still weak young mother. Such things are far more interesting than the centuries old temples high up on the steep hillsides that crowd the town into the harbor, though the granite steps leading to them and an occasional big tree shading a sacred court exert a charm. But decaying antiquity for the poet; for me, the life of today. That thinly clad, sunken eyed, barefooted monk plodding through the main business street, oblivious of cold and rain, seeing nothing of the active life about him, and apparently so commonplace a figure that he attracts no curious eye save mine—what prayer is he muttering, I wonder, and by what strange fate did he become holy man rather than peasant or cunning merchant or toiling craftsman? How alone he seems.

The bed is very comfortable. Falling asleep is so agreeable that I keep waking up for the mere joy of dropping off again. Then dreams, through which I sail in a two masted junk, unpainted, square nosed, a thinly clad monk as helmsman, our cargo tanks of coffee. Finally—can it be morning so soon? Scores of women's voices beneath the window, evidently a passing throng, with fitful glares of light. No, my watch says it is but three o'clock. Now the voices come from a distance, suggesting a flight of wild fowl. At four I push aside the panels and look out upon beautiful starlight. Small boats are plying back and forth. Half a mile down the strait I see a

cluster of torches; half a mile up the strait, another group. The sound of many voices comes over the water. Is it all a merry starlight festival to some lovable sister of pale Hecate? In the morning the hostess will try to explain, but I shall not fully understand. Probably it is but a few hundred fisherwomen with clam hooks busily and happily engaged on sandbars bared by an early morning ebb. It does not matter; mystery is sometimes preferable to enlightenment. The day will be fine.

The morning boat, a coasting steamer on which I am to spend the day en route for Miyajima, is late by an hour. It is late by two hours on leaving, for in cholera time and war time amusingly important officials must inspect each passenger with care. But at last we are off. A long cherished wish is being gratified; I am sailing the Inland Sea, looking at shores of ever changing interest and beauty.

"I speak plain English," volunteers the young man standing next to me, "but I do not understand." Abrupt introductions of this nature are so common that I immediately take out fountain pen, anticipating the usual request for name and address in his notebook. We talk for a few minutes, long enough to substantiate the latter half of his original declaration and make questionable the first half. Then he withdraws for half an hour to recruit, and returns with a sentence written out on a scrap of paper. He would like to have me take him to America, I gather.

The difficulty of so doing is explained to him, though of course he does not understand, and withdraws again. Several times he reappears, face beaming, with a new sentence, curiously spelled; but his masterpiece comes late in the afternoon. It is delivered orally, prefaced by a formal salute. "I hope you are quite well. I shall arrange to see you again. Good bye." Probably it was not what he wished to say, but the last scraps remembered from his phrase book. If he should ever walk in upon me, it will be a pleasure to greet him.

The purser too speaks "plain English." About seven o'clock in the evening he insists upon taking me to the officers' dining room and serving hot milk, observing that he is sure I must be "many hungry." Reluctantly I confess to three or four, but deny the many. Emboldened by this admission he urges soup, which would have been more agreeable had I not seen the ship's galley, and finally a bowl of rice. He is a splendid fellow, rough voiced, but the soul of hospitality. An hour slips by very pleasantly in such company. He too wishes to go to America. He would make a good citizen.

And what of the Inland Sea? It is a realm, perhaps overrated by guidebooks, where every prospect pleases, though coasting boats be vile, with a climate delightful yet conducive to fidgety, incoherent note-taking. Behold the following scraps: Green waters. Junks, junks, junks, high stem and stern, the labor

of the hugh square sails lightened by long "sweeps." Green islands, from button size upwards, mountainous, wooded, or terraced for cultivation almost to their summits; here and there a slope stripped of all vegetation, bare volcanic stone. Big white clouds above saw-tooth skylines. Some hills look like perfect cones; some are a mangy yellow. Frequent signs of reforestation.—Stiff breeze blowing, which makes the landing of passenger and freight an interesting process. When the whistle blows, sampans come hustling out from little towns which seem to have dripped down from the steep hillsides.—Ahoy, there, Standard Oil tank! What right have you to be desecrating a beautiful shore? And here comes a fine white schooner yacht. Junks are more picturesque. You're all right, little lighthouse, perched on yonder headland.—Mountains on all sides, rising ridge behind ridge, the last fading into haze.—Here comes a three masted schooner, black hull and latteen sails. More schooners, Yankee in trim, freighters presumably. Fleets of small fishing boats at anchor near shoals or narrow passages. Good luck, friends!—What cute little bays, ideal for pirate craft. They bring to mind Fenimore Cooper.—We are now passing an island where there are smelting works. Many of the slopes hereabouts show a red soil.—Now we are threading a narrow strait where the tide races.—And here we are in the immediate vicinity of an important naval base, a deep bay where

seven gray men-o'-war drowse at anchor. On shore, are extensive works of some kind, possibly shipyards. I must put up notebook, for note taking and photography are forbidden. I suspect I have already transgressed, and know that I have been watched constantly since coming aboard.

It is uncannylike that, no matter where one goes, in Japan, he gets there after dark. The only exceptions are when one arrives by day and it is raining. It must be ten o'clock. The boat is four hours late. It is uncompromisingly dark. Miyajima is the next stop. I wonder what it will be like. My hotel, the purser says, is a mile from the landing, and there are no rikishas. Never mind.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SACRED ISLAND

AND Susa-no-o had three daughters, Itsukushima-hime, Tagori-hime, and Togitsu-hime. Now these daughters—But the rest of the story is unknown to me, though it may be safely assumed that the three live happy ever after; for Itsukushima-hime, Tagori-hime, and Togitsu-hime are goddesses, prominent among the eight hundred myriads entitled to a place in the family book of Japanese deities. The Sun Goddess is their aunt; hence they are distant cousins of the reigning Mikado.

Miyajima is a sacred island. Its temples are sacred to Susa-no-o's daughters. The island looks sacred. It is not too large, merely five miles long and half as wide, densely wooded, and mountainous, its highest granite peak rising 1356, 1671, or 1800 feet, according to the guidebook consulted. (This lack of nice agreement on the part of those who write with authority is a constant comfort; where testimony never conflicts, there is the suggestion of collusion.) Pains are taken to keep the island sacred according to Oriental standards. There are no dogs,

no horses, I think, save one, a gray beauty with pink nose, who resides in a sacred stable and accepts offerings of grain—a penny a saucer, for sale near by. Formerly no one was permitted to die on Miyajima or to be born there; but this cruel restriction has been removed. The four or five thousand inhabitants who occupy the compact little town with narrow streets which finds its place in the sun and rain between hills and the shore owe their livelihood to the presence of temples sometimes visited by thousands of tourist pilgrims in a single day. They provide hotels, restaurants, and hundreds of shops where souvenirs are sold in sharp competition. Some are fishermen, some priests or shrine attendants, and a surprising number are makers of images and wooden trinkets. On a bright day when the steamers bring crowds of tourists, it is a lively place, but at nightfall all quiets down. Geisha girls are prohibited; there is but one dilapidated theatre.

The morning following my arrival I climbed the "mountain" back of the town, much of the way by a rough granite staircase, steep and winding. At a few vantage points there are tea sheds, and many little shrines are scattered along the well shaded path. The view from the top, where there is a small pavilion or teahouse, justifies the opinion that this is one of the three most beautiful places in all Japan. I wanted to use the camera and also fill a page or two of my notebook with what entranced the eye;

An Inland Sea junk.

The familiar torii at Miyajima.

but camera and notebook are prohibited in this war zone. Yet I have a haunting memory of the Sea shut in by mountains with irregular crests, of distant junks that scarcely moved, so light was the breeze, and scores of little sails. A freighter crawled by on its way to some Asiatic port, then a gray battleship. Every island in sight is fortified, though no ramparts are visible.

Near the summit is a big bell, cracked—he who will may prove it—and a little lower down a temple where a priest was beating a drum as he prayed. But the real treat of the forenoon, quite foreign to dreamy enjoyment of natural beauty, was a time race up that long stairway—I incline to the belief that the elevation is at least eighteen hundred feet—engaged in by five hundred naval cadets, sturdy fellows in their twenties, from a neighboring academy. Stationed at intervals were Red Cross men with stretchers, and at a halfway landing a group of officers who scanned each face to see how the runner was standing the strain. The breathing was often ominously labored, it seemed as if some of the runners would surely fall; but the usual injunction, apparently, was to speed up. Later I witnessed the finish. It was as pitiful as the close of one of our Marathon runs. Each man as he staggered in through the temple gateway gave his number slip to an official, then fell into the arms of comrades. One poor lad, quite out of his head, crying I know not

what, was carried into the temple where, at the end of an hour, the doctors were still trying to quiet him. In his delirium he was struggling to break away that he might continue his race up imaginary steps of cruel granite. Later, on the way down, the young men passed me again, apparently fresh, and looking remarkably trim in their blue uniforms and white collars. As they descended with swinging stride, they sang lustily a spirited marching song, one company taking up the refrain as another left off. I shall not soon forget the sound of their voices, coming back fainter and fainter through the trees as they passed out of sight. Later I met them strolling about the town in little groups, prior to embarking for home, quiet, orderly, earnest-looking cadets, soldierly in bearing, a company that any country might feel proud of.

The principal temple buildings at Miyajima form a unique group in that they are, for the most part, built out over the water and connected by corridors, over eight hundred feet in all, if memory serves, giving the whole somewhat the appearance of a well-kept amusement pier. The torii, an immense red affair, stands several hundred feet in front of the buildings, very picturesque even at low tide when its barnacled shins are bare to the sandy base where the tame deer and sacred cranes like to wander. The temple proper has a very simple interior, as is the way with Shinto shrines. On a neighboring elevation

is the so-called Hall of the Thousand Mats. A careful count reveals that there are no mats whatever in this ancient barn-like structure, but thousands upon thousands of rice paddles, many of them left for good luck by troops quartered here during the war with China, and many more by pilgrims. Not far from the grotesquely decorated hall is a pagoda. Other sacred buildings have been burned or torn down. Temple-wise, Miyajima is not remarkable; tourists go there not to see fine buildings, but to feast on natural beauty. The value of this latter is evidently in the hotel keeper's mind when he presents his bill. Mine should have been itemized somewhat as follows:

One bedroom with two beds
One private dining room
Meals, of course
One stove, red hot at times, smelling like a temple
Four maples in full glow
Mountain stream that almost flows through the room
Glimpses of the sea
Pleasure of being an only guest
Pleasure of being called at 4:30 to catch the 5:30 boat

Getting up so early is a pleasure only in retrospect. The stars were still shining and the moon bright. From the steamer's deck Miyajima looked like a black dragon, many spined, fast asleep, the neighbor-

ing islands like so many more dragons, a school that had drifted in from mistland on the tide—marine dragons, not the common land variety. Good bye, Itsukushima-hime. Good bye, Togitsu-hime and Tagori-hime. We are off for Dogo, "the most ancient bathing resort in the empire," whose soothing waters, in days when gods were less seclusive, were dear to Onamuji and Sukuna-bikona, and since that time have comforted the limbs of five Mikados.

One sees pilgrims everywhere in Japan.

A holiday clammer.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOGO AND BEPPU

Dogo is an out-of-the-way place over on the island of Shikoku, which separates the Inland Sea from the Pacific on the southwest. Shikoku is interesting because distant from the great centres where Western ideas are driving out the quaint and picturesque; but it has so few miles of railroad that journeying is less convenient than in other parts of the empire, and perhaps tourists are right in thinking that it offers little which cannot be duplicated without leaving the beaten path. Certainly Dogo is not a wildly exciting place, no dream of beauty, just the ordinary closely-packed town with hills for an immediate background, on the edge of wide, fertile fields of grain out of which rise minor eminences, one of them crowned with a fine castle which escaped demolition when feudal times came to an end. It is a town of narrow streets with the usual multitude of shops where souvenirs are sold, a beautiful park, and a mammoth bath-house centrally located and surrounded by hotels, none, I think, European. Terry, quoting from some guide-book written in Japonicized English, characterizes it

as a "notorious place," and dismisses it with three or four lines of fine print; Mr. Seikosha claims that it is visited annually by a million people. Evidently late November is out-of-season; the hotel to which the rikisha takes me has practically no guests.

That hotel, so quiet, so spotlessly clean, with its attractive court and fascinating garden, I remember with peculiar interest. It was strictly native. No one spoke a word of English and I no word of Japanese that I dared to use. Now the first thing the guest must do, after settling himself comfortably and having his tea and cakes, is to fill out a printed form telling all sorts of things. The form is in Japanese. When the maid presented this slip, I did my best, but probably placed on record that my age was American, profession Miyajima, nationality forty-eight plus or minus. Very likely I wrote with the slip upside down. At any rate, the maid was mystified, and questioned me for a quarter of an hour, I doing the same by her, without either of us growing the wiser. Just as we seemed to be getting nicely acquainted, she fled, but reappeared soon, bringing the proprietor, who examined the penmanship critically through steel-rimmed spectacles. In a friendly spirit I assured him that all was strictly correct: my age was American, profession Miyajima, nationality forty-eight, but that if he preferred, I would change things, make my age Miyajima, nationality forty-eight, etc. It was a matter of little consequence;

my one wish was to have everything satisfactory to him. He questioned me for a quarter of an hour. Then it occurred to me that possibly the document was but a laundry slip; so I informed him, speaking slowly and distinctly, that there would not be time for a washing, since I must leave for Beppu the following day. Evidently this satisfied him, for he departed, with many bows. The matter was settled.

But no. Half an hour later the panel slides gently back. Evidently it is my afternoon at home and callers will be many. So much attention is flattering. Enters the maid. Enters also a policeman, the chief of police, I suspect. Of course I rise and bow politely, but he outdoes me in courtesy. He is faultlessly attired. Tea, cakes, and cigarette are accepted. He settles on a cushion near the fire-box. It is nice of him to call, and I tell him so, yet I feel a trifle uneasy. I have not strictly observed the regulations concerning note-taking and photography in war zones. Possibly he has handcuffs secreted in a hip pocket. I never feel quite at ease in the presence of policemen. At length, "You come America?" "Yes." Long pause. More tea is offered and accepted. Perhaps he is translating my answer. Eventually, "Where you go?" "Beppu." Long pause. More tea. He can't be translating, this time; Beppu is Beppu, English or Japanese. And so the interrogation proceeds, at a pace which leads me to think that he is struggling to recall half-forgotten phrases learned

long ago. The last question is put and answered; still he lingers. Evidently he is suspicious. Why should one with no knowledge of Japanese be so far away from tourist lanes?

A happy thought occurs to me. I bring forth photographs. This is my home. (He is immensely interested in the back yard clothes-reel.) This is my wife, and this is the baby. "Name?" "Margaret." He is greatly interested in Margaret, but probably wonders why her head is unshaven. All the photographs interest him. A spy would not carry about with him the family gallery. The official fades away, the human interest in things domestic asserts itself. He has children of his own. Ten minutes later, he is playing host, taking me about the town. I hesitate to mention that early in our ramble he, an officer of the law, pointed out a street set aside for immoral purposes, but volunteered the suggestion that it would be unnecessary to go so far, for—I cannot tell it. My inn looks perfectly respectable, and probably is, to native eyes. Our main objective, however, is the great central bath-house. I have no intention of testing the healing powers of the waters, yet curiosity to learn how the establishment is managed lures me into the dingy office, and before I realize what is happening the policeman friend has made all arrangements. Possibly it was his purpose to keep me engaged for an hour while he hurried back to inspect my baggage, yet I think not. It was merely kind-

ness. Why should anyone come to Dogo if not to bathe?

In his essay entitled *Manners*, Emerson writes that the perfect gentleman never loses composure. Nothing surprises him; he cannot be startled. He associates with all classes without embarrassing or suffering embarrassment. Everywhere he is at home. I thought of this when the maid, an attractive lass in the later teens, conducted me decorously to one of the many apartments on the upper floor (combination dressing room, tea room, rest room), bearing on her arm towels and the bath kimono. I thanked her and waited for her to withdraw. She did not understand—nor did I. I pointed to the stairway. She went and looked at it, then returned with a countenance which said, "It is still there, master." I bowed a bow of dismissal, which she counterfeited. In short it became perfectly evident first, that the maid was well bred and performing her duty in the accustomed way; second, that not without rudeness approaching actual insult could she be ejected. Therefore, with as little assistance as courtesy permitted, the bath kimono was substituted for street clothes, and I followed my youthful conductor down another flight to the region of baths. All was as punctilious as if we were in my lady's drawing-room.

The baths, five or six in number, differentiated as to temperature (110° and downward) and medical properties, some for women and some for men, were

spacious, large enough for swimming a stroke or two, and agreeably clean with running water. The bath assigned to me was already well populated with perhaps ten healthy looking men, silently parboiling. All looked as if they had been simmering since early morn and were nearly done—very red and minutely wrinkled. And here, as elsewhere in Japan, no one stared at the stranger; psychologically, he was the sole occupant, the attendant alone recognizing his presence. All was as solemn as a Quaker meeting. Of course it is mere prejudice that makes Occidentals prefer land to water; those Japanese who enter the baths in the fall and emerge in the spring have argument in their favor. They forget business cares, do not worry about tailors' bills nor coal bills. An occasional bowl of rice satisfies hunger. The dross of wordly activities soaks out of their beings and they slip by degrees into a sublime state where it is natural to think poetry and be consistently philosophical.

This, and much more, I discovered in less than twenty minutes. The maid brought tea while I was dressing, and I issued from the establishment feeling strangely light and cured of foolish ambition. The absurdity of climbing the steep hill behind the town, or even visiting the big temple lower down yet approached by the customary staircase, was obvious. One goes to Dogo not to weary himself by seeking elevations, nor to pray, but to bathe, simmer, boil, loaf divinely.

Beppu is a long way from Dogo, down on the island of Kyushu, the upper part of which bounds the Inland Sea on the south and west. It may be reached by rail or by boat. I reached it by boat, and wish in this public way to apologize for making my entry at three in the morning. Never mind whether I mistook A. M. in the timetable for P. M., or was merely delayed four or five hours by the lateness of the steamer taken at a port near Dogo. Possibly it was both; I do not care to remember. When one is doing foolish things daily, it is unnecessary to remember everything. Perhaps it is not strange that seldom a day passed during my journeyings through the Inland Sea country which did not bring one or more interviews with policemen or secret service officials in civilian dress. All were soon satisfied, apparently, that I was too feeble-minded to make a successful conspirator. To climb down the steamer's side into a skittish sampan, an easterly gale blowing the while, and enter the breakwater harborette of a sleeping town of 100,000 inhabitants, without a guide, with no idea of where in the big city your hotel lies, nor whether the hotel will have a room for you or not (at Tukushima my notebook reminds me that six inns were found "full up," one memorable night), is not the normal act of an intelligent being, especially if the adventurer speaks no Japanese. But fortune favors the brave and the foolish. A fellow passenger, possibly acting under instructions from my friend the

Dogo policeman, volunteers to serve as guide. A red-capped porter springs up from nowhere and takes the baggage, and through silent streets the procession moves, the American carrying the guide's little girl, for her father has many bundles to manage and the lady is still so full of sleep that her legs fairly wabbled. It was all quite regular; we had become intimately acquainted while waiting for the boat in the afternoon. The hotel was tightly sealed, but a few shouts brought an attendant, the attendant wakened a maid, and in half an hour I was sound asleep.

Beppu, seen for the first time by daylight from the hotel balcony, looks commonplace, merely tiled roof houses packed together on a plain between a mountain range and the blue sea—like many another city in Japan. But the three extinct volcanoes of the mountain range grow in beauty as you look at them, and so does the sea. Beauty aside, moreover, there are many things which help to make Beppu unforgetable. The place is almost unique. Without leaving the hotel, the customary rambling structure with confusing passageways on different levels, one gets an inkling of what has put the city on the map, namely a fine assortment of mineral baths most stimulating even to a perfectly healthy body. Presumably each of the many hotels in Beppu is similarly equipped. No wizard with hazel wand is required to locate a hot spring, apparently; though the volcanoes back of the town went out of business years

ago, there is plenty of heat beneath the thin crust on which the city stands, and subterranean streams need but an invitation to come forth. Aside from the hotels, I do not know how many bathing establishments there are; Beppu is a city of baths, Dogo multiplied many times. I recall looking in at one place where the patrons were bathing not in water but in sand, each man lying covered, save for head and arms, with steaming earth. They looked like a freshly sprouted crop of some Burbank wonder, a new kind of cabbage, with lateral sprouts. There were several gardeners in attendance. In summer time it is quite unnecessary to patronize such hothouses; for there is a place down on the beach where the multitudes plant themselves in the moist, hot sand, and steam by the hour like so many clams at a Rhode Island bake.

Steam and hot water, in fact, are almost as free as air. In a neighboring hamlet among the foothills one sees near the door of many a cottage a cement standard of convenient height from which steam is issuing. It is the stove, the fireless cooker. How convenient to bore for steam at one's door instead of ordering coal for the kitchen range. Of course there are teahouses, inns, and baths in these foothill villages. As at Noboribetsu, there are tepid streams, and spouts under which the bather stands. One arrangement, new to me, was a cave-like hut that serves as a steaming-box, a dark, Calcutta hole sort

of place, with a matting hung over the narrow entrance through which the patients crawl to almost suffocate in murky Turkish fashion. A withered, emaciated grandam, perhaps in search of perpetual youth, was crawling in as we happened by. There are, too, many pools which steam, bubble, boil, some impregnated with iron, some a pale blue, basins several rods in diameter, where pole, line, and basket alone are needed for boiling eggs in short order. One of the largest of these vents, a vat with a wicked look, is less than a year old. Such information is not altogether comforting. And yet, looking down from this all but infernal region, there is every indication of peaceful security. How beautiful the grain fields on the terraced slopes, how idyllic the family groups of harvesters here and there. The big black wheels, turned by mountain streams which keep the pestles going that polish the rice look centuries old, with centuries yet before them. Children play happily in the narrow, steeply inclined streets of the little villages; and the pathetic cemetery yonder where one sees so many newly made graves,—it seems improbable that they who sleep there will ever have their bones rudely disturbed by mountain quake or buried more deeply by the angry outpouring of lava that will sweep relentlessly down to the sea. And yet, but a few miles away, Aso is still active, and the entire region will bear watching.

At Beppu, be it confessed, I fell from grace to the

extent of once more employing a guide. The maid at the hotel, when asked if she could get me one who spoke English, replied with becoming modesty, "I have all the English in this place. It is little." The opportunity to corner the market was irresistible. Would not she accept the position? The proposition pleased her; she would ask "master." Master consented, and seldom have I passed a day in more agreeable company. Her English, truly, was "little," but she was intelligent and had the courtly ways of a perfect lady. We were together from morning till night, in rikishas, on foot, threading narrow streets, climbing hillsides. Her intuitive good manners and her quaint English were pleasanter to study than volcanic phenomena. At the railway station—she had insisted on coming along to purchase a ticket and see that the baggage was properly checked—I said good bye with an unfeigned feeling of gratitude. What a blessing it would be had we more of her kind among our servants in America. Her sister, a strapping country lass with plump, rosy cheeks, said to me I know not how many times, "Master san, me America." It is a common petition, accompanied by appealing looks, but to grant it might be an act of cruelty. Few Japanese can learn to like any but Japanese food; the kimono is a hundred times more comfortable, and several hundred times more beautiful than the average costume seen on Fifth Avenue. And then there are the baths.

CHAPTER XIX

KYOTO AND OSAKA

"AND you have never returned to America?" "Yes," she replied, with a weary sigh, "once. Remorse, or something akin to it, dragged me back home after an absence of two years. But Chicago was so unbearably ugly, the whirl of things so—so empty and meaningless, that I simply could not endure it, and here I am in dear old Kyoto again. Don't you find it charming?" Poor lady! Quaint, long-ago book illustrations and the fading miracles of color and form on temple screens have been her undoing. To her eyes Italian masterpieces are but painty daubs. Nor is her case unique. After less than a fortnight in the old capital my friend the Hollander, familiar with most that is choicest in Europe, talked so incoherently about the culture, grace, and intuitive kindliness of the Japanese that it was a relief to learn he was safely on board a ship bound for America, though it is more than probable he turned back at Honolulu. Tourists in general will confirm the statement that the only safe way to "do" Kyoto shops is to go blindfolded and penniless.

Not Italy, but southern Japan.

Looking across the bay.

Kyoto at twenty-five minutes to two.

There are Kyoto gardens so beautiful that it seems a sacrilege to enter them, and temples which make one regret he was not born a pagan.

Yet at first sight old Kyoto appears in no wise enchanting, merely a commonplace city in a mountain guarded plain, through which runs a river with wide, gravelly bed; a clean, orderly, quiet town of half a million, with market garden suburbs and a few attractive acres of centrally located park in which, shielded from profane gaze by tiled roof walls, stand the Imperial Palace buildings. There is a deplorable paucity of crooked lanes; practically all streets, many of them Occidentally wide, intersect at right angles as old as the city itself. A peculiar haze suspiciously like dissipated smoke from factory chimneys is mildly disquieting; but European store fronts are pleasingly rare, and electric trams do not venture far away from a few main thoroughfares. Modern business enterprise, apparently, is well kept under; yet there is comparatively little to suggest, in a first, superficial survey, that Kyoto is an ultra-conservative center of art and culture, a thousand years old capital guarding with dignity a fast fading glory. Call it cunning or good taste, it is the Japanese way thus to cloak what is precious and beautiful beneath a gray, almost forbidding exterior.

The charm of Kyoto is due in part to the fact that it is a cathedral town, a Mecca. Within the city limits are nearly a thousand temples and shrines.

Many are small, hidden away, but there are places of worship everywhere—in the heart of the business section, even in Theatre Street. Temple roofs lift above enclosing walls in most unlikely places. A grove of trees conceals one; another is approached through a noble avenue of arching branches; many cling to hillsides. Some are very old and gray, their courts almost deserted; others have throngs of worshipers. One of the largest and finest is almost new, rebuilt by popular subscriptions in small amounts totaling half a million dollars. Its heavy beams were lifted into place by hawsers of hair contributed by devout women. A wire cable would have served as well, perhaps, but wire is a soulless thing. Not all the fanes are of equal merit architecturally, and forms of worship differ through a wide range. Before some altars may be witnessed devotion blindly idolatrous, grossly pagan; on the other hand one hesitates to condemn the dignified, reverent adoration at certain Shinto shrines and a few of the Buddhist temples. There are many places where it is strangely easy to worship no matter what one's creed may be.

Kyoto is also a city of ancient palaces and princely retreats. Architecturally these low-lying structures of perishable wood and paper are disappointing; their often tiny rooms convey no sense of grandeur; the absence of furniture imparts a barren, cheerless aspect. It may happen, however, that while following the caretaker from apartment to apartment one

will chance upon a centuries-old panel whose beauty, seen in the dim light, for the first time makes him wonder if the lady who rejects all European masterpieces as "painty" may not be right. At least he will recall that the young Hollander maintains there has not been a Western painter of note for twenty years whose work has not been influenced for the better by Japanese art. Palaces, temples too, are often rich in ancient treasures which the mere tourist is too untrained in matters of art to appreciate. He loses, moreover, the thrill these retreats of culture excite in one familiar with history and tradition.

Palace gardens, though they too speak a language unintelligible save to such as have devoted years to study of Oriental landscape art, seldom fail to charm the visitor from other lands. The connoisseur warns against waxing enthusiastic over Katsura Palace Garden, why, I have forgotten, and do not care. Surely it is an ideal place in which to spend a dreamy hour on a gray November morning. Three centuries old! Therefore aged trees among the younger growth; and because Japanese, a somewhat conventional arrangement, an air of artificiality, yet dignified—dignified but with an agreeable childlike simplicity. Because Japanese, it is practically flowerless, a park rather than a garden, with a pond, sluggish streams, gracefully arched bridgelets, mossy slopes, large, irregular stepping-stones, winding walks, teahouses, a woodland shrine, a few lantern

stones, and the noisy chatter of strange birds. This much is easily remembered, but few things in detail; notebooks and cameras are unlawful in such places, a wise regulation. One recalls, too, how easy it was for imagination to people this quiet sylvan retreat with long ago folk—the grandee, the scholar recluse, dames sandal footed, and little children; and that one hoped the place had been hallowed by romance, never sullied by intrigue.

Katsura lies in level ground, with market gardens between it and the city. Perhaps in earlier days the environment was less rural, for Kyoto, it is estimated, once had a population of a million, and covered more of the plain. There is another, fairer Imperial Garden on the slopes behind the city, through which the guide hurries one at a distressing pace, a sylvan retreat with a paradisical lakelet fed by a mountain stream that forms many a pretty waterfall, tea-houses from which one looks out over the city and plain below, bridges of course, a wonderful hedge which must be twenty feet wide, and a natural background of well-wooded hillside with maple reds among the many shades of green. There are famous temple gardens almost as old as the city itself; and behind many a dwelling, whose plain front gives no suggestion of wealth, lies hidden a dainty miracle of nature transformed. Those who scorn such miniatures, train, tram, or rikisha will quickly transport to suburban resorts where nature has outdone the

landscape gardener. Arashiyama, especially on a holiday, is most attractive; and Biwa, Japan's largest lake, calls forth all the poetry there is in one's soul. It was on the shores of Biwa that I spent a memorable day with Bamboo along to carry the lunch basket. Mr. Bamboo is a merry rogue, a rikisha man, whose petty "squeezes" are so cleverly managed as to delight his victim. He has large stores of misinformation and a limited vocabulary of well-exercised English nouns and verbs. When between the shafts, he possesses a wonderful knack of appearing, from the waist upward, to be going like the wind, while his legs are merely sauntering. Should attention be called to this difference in tempo, he laughs merrily, speeds up the lower parts, then gives an amazing exhibition of almost imperceptible retardendo. He is growing old. There is a Mrs. Bamboo, he tells me, and numerous shoots. It may be that I should have been inspired to write an immortal poem on Biwa's loveliness had I not found Bamboo's cunning more fascinating. It does not matter; for centuries the Lake has been a favorite theme with native poets.

To such as find, poor souls, little to attract in temples, palaces, gardens, Bamboos, there still remain shops and little factories—*manu*-factories—a multitude. The Japanese hand is the quickest, cleverest, in all the world, and perhaps nowhere in the Empire has handicraft reached nearer to perfection. Porcelain and pottery, embroidery old

and new, velvets that none but princes should own, bronze, damascene, cloisonné, lacquer ware, bamboo work, fans, dolls, toys, curios—thus runs the incomplete inventory. The feminine tourist shocked by the idolatry witnessed at Buddhist temples becomes an extravagant pagan when confronted with embroidered kimonos and rich brocades, and bows down before creations of clay in world-famed potteries. It is well to engage, and pay for, passage home before entering Kyoto at all. One is sure to leave with trunks so full that another trifle, if no more than a picture postal reproduction of some old artist's masterpiece, would burst the hinges.

In brief, Kyoto, home of so many Mikados, spiritual lords rather than actual rulers, patrons of learning, of art, is the choicest city in all Japan. It is rich in history and legend. It lives in the past, quietly, yet gaily too; for its calendar is well sprinkled with holidays, and few weeks in the year pass without some festival. Nowhere will one find more attractive people than throng her parks and brilliantly beflagged, belanterned streets on the Emperor's birthday or crowd the trams leading to favorite suburban resorts, a clean, well-bred, nature-loving, art-loving people with musical voices the ear never tires of listening to. Thus, at least, does the city appear to the tourist whose stay is limited to a week or a month. Tarrying longer might bring disillusion; if so, I do not care to know it.

A bit of Silver Pavilion garden.

Arashiyama.

Osaka.

Somewhere in Murray's Handbook there is given an entertaining fable about two frogs. One from Kyoto started out to visit Osaka, and one from Osaka to visit Kyoto. They met face to face, very tired, on the summit of a hill from which both cities are visible, and decided that it would be a waste of time to journey further. "For," said the Osaka toad, "Kyoto looks precisely like my own city," and the Kyoto frog made the same remark about Osaka—strange observations, both, till it is explained that the frog's eyes are in the back of his head. Each, in truth, was looking towards home, not abroad. The moral I have forgotten; but I will venture to assert that, even had the eyes been differently located, the two frogs might have concluded that it would have been a waste of time to advance another hop. At least this might be the logical end of the story were the frogs present day creatures; for the two cities, though but less than thirty miles apart, are strangely antipodal in spirit. They are as different as night and day. One cannot love both—if he is frog-minded.

Osaka is the greatest purely industrial town in Japan, second in size to Tokyo. It is not a city that tourists rave about. Her temples are ordinary compared with those of neighboring Nara and Kyoto. What is left of her castle lacks the charm of Nagoya's. She is old enough, her legendary history reaching back twenty-five centuries, but she does not look venerable—prefers not to look old; rather does she

boast of her up-to-the-minute modernity, her wonderful growth, her enterprise. Forty years ago, the population was under half a million; today it is probably three times as large, and increasing at an estimated annual rate of fifty thousand. She is outgrowing old boundaries rapidly, absorbing outlying villages, reclaiming land from the sea. She is getting rid of picturesque antiquity as rapidly as possible. As often as a conflagration clears away a section, wide thoroughfares take the place of narrow streets and narrower alleys. Modern, substantial buildings supplant flimsy structures.

Osaka is undeniably flat, a delta city, with navigable rivers meandering through it, a commercial Venice of canals, some of them a thousand years old. One readily believes the statement that, not counting smaller ones, there are five hundred bridges—six miles of them, and that the waterways, where thousands of boats impart an air of ceaseless activity, exceed the area of streets. Originally handicapped by a shallow approach from the Inland Sea, in a very few years she will be able to receive all but the largest ships. Already there is a fine pier over a quarter of a mile long and one hundred feet wide, and extensive breakwaters that are a credit to engineering skill. When completed, the harbor improvements begun twenty years ago will have cost twenty-five million dollars, a sum which looms large when we remember how little labor costs. Way back in 1910,

over thirty thousand steamers and sailing vessels entered the port, and forty-five thousand junks. In 1915 the exports and imports amounted to over seventy million dollars.

Osaka is a manufacturing center of first importance. Half a century ago there was not a piece of modern machinery in the city; today it is almost as murky as Pittsburg. Looking off from high ground near the Castle, one sees at a glance hundreds of factory chimneys, and accepts, without counting, the assertion that, if suburban areas are included, there are over five thousand. Several years ago her manufacturers were claiming half as many spindles as Manchester. Nor are textiles the only products; the list runs a wide gamut from matches to ships. "The latest official returns, those issued for 1908, showed that there were 6415 registered factories in Osaka, engaged in the manufacture of cotton, wool, metals, oils, ships, matches, machinery, soap, tobacco, medicines, brushes, rolling stock, clothing, umbrellas, toilet goods, paint, furniture, paper, candles, canned goods, lacquer, carpets, bags, safes, casks, fans, flowers, music and sporting goods, ice, clocks, and many other things." Among the "many other things" referred to in this catalogue taken from the official Guide to Osaka is soy. The city has a stock exchange and a board of trade. It has a fine water system, sewers, a good electric tram service, and thanks to the energetic campaign of

Mr. Gleason of the Y. M. C. A., four acres of public playground centrally located. Of course there are Boy Scouts.

In the fall of 1916 Osaka was not a place to explore in thorough fashion. Everywhere the stranger was met with courtesy, but many doors remained closed. It was war time, and Osaka is a garrison town. I should like very much to visit the castle; but at the gate stand guards who explain that, since cholera is prevalent, all visitors are excluded. The explanation must be accepted as valid even though a hundred schoolboy excursionists are being conducted about. I have heard much of the great Osaka prison, and would like to see it—study methods, scan faces. Possibly permission to enter might be granted in Tokyo, but probably not. The mayor's secretary is very sorry. Would I like to visit, instead, a reform school, or an asylum? May I photograph the city? Photography is forbidden. Well, at least I may visit the large cotton mills. Unfortunately the mills are busy with war orders. The large belting concern? It too is filling war orders; no admittance. Would not soap do as well? I decline the soap factory; it is five miles out, and I must wait a day to get necessary credentials even for soap. I also decline the Mint. The sight of loads of wealth so near and yet so far always depresses me.

I visit the reform school, I attend a native Christian church and am deeply impressed with the

intelligent reverence of the congregation that completely fills the auditorium. I visit a match factory (tea is served in the office), and a bobbin factory (more tea). The warehouses along the river and the shipyards prove wonderfully interesting. I go to the theatres; at the theatres one is always welcome. Finally there are the streets which one may wander through at will, sure of meeting novelty at every turn, whether one explores the narrow alleys where dwell the poor, or join the throngs that crowd street bazaars called into gay existence by some temple festival. There are military manœuvers to watch. Oh, there is plenty of entertainment, but much is denied that one would gladly investigate; for few cities suggest more forcibly some of the serious problems which confront this young-old nation.

First in importance, perhaps, is the city trend of population. The physical virility of Japan is in her peasant class. But year after year, as factories spring up like mushrooms, the villages and hamlets of rural Japan are being combed by agents who are all too successful in luring girls and young women to the cities where long hours of confining toil, and boarding-house life under conditions often far from healthful, are causing a death rate that is appalling. A strong nation must, it goes without saying, have strong mothers to breed workmen, soldiers, and more strong mothers. The Japanese are an outdoor people; factory walls soon sap their strength. Salutary

labor laws have been passed, many reforms are under way, but even under the best of conditions the city trend, the factory trend, is unfortunate. It is unfortunate from the moral standpoint as well as the physical. In Mr. Gulick's *Working Women of Japan* (1915) appears the following paragraph containing facts and figures culled from a book published in 1914 by Mr. R. Uno, for fifteen years "a devoted student of Japan's industrial problems:" "In the cotton thread and spinning factories of Japan there are 81 girls to 19 men. Out of 1,000 girls, 386 are over 20 years of age, 317 are from 17 to 20, 191 are from 15 to 16, 73 are from 12 to 14, while 7 girls out of a thousand are under 12 years of age. The vast majority of factory girls live in the factory dormitories, which are of enormous size. In the region of Osaka there are more than 30,000 girls working in 30 factories; in these same factories there are less than 7,000 men. Three of these factories employ over 3,000 girls each, while three more employ 2,000 and upward. These girls are herded together in enormous dormitories, disastrous both to health and morals. Statistics covering a number of years show that out of every 1,000 girls, 270 work less than six months at the same place; 200 less than one year; 179 less than two years; 121 less than three years; 141 less than five years, and only 89 pass the five-year period. The usual reason for this extraordinary fluctuation of workers is that the girls break down in health. Gov-

ernment statistics show that out of every 100 girls to enter upon factory work 23 die within one year of their return to their homes, and of these 50 per cent. die of tuberculosis. But it is also asserted that 60 per cent. of the girls who leave home for factory work never return. Of the criminal girls arrested in Osaka for a certain period, 49 per cent. had been factory hands."

There is another respect in which Osaka's smoking chimneys are ominous. Since early times Japan has been a land of arts and crafts. The artist and the artisan have worked not alone for hire but for the work's sake. Father has handed down to son not visible wealth, but the secrets of his craft, his most precious possession. In a sense thousands of petty workshops have been but so many temples. Work has been to potter and swordmaker, to woodcarver and weaver, almost a religion. Much that is finest in Japanese character, it seems to me, may be traced to the spirit of her handicraft—to the fact that so many workmen have had opportunity to express themselves in their toil, making an art of a homely trade. To all this the factory with its machines for turning out standardized products is fatal. The little shop with its independent workmen is, apparently, doomed. It cannot compete in a market where the cry is not how well but how cheap.

Finally there is the new distribution of wealth. Factories make millionaires. The old feudal aris-

tocracy crumbled almost at a breath before the advance of Western civilization. The aristocracy of culture, learning, religious or philosophical meditation, of the arts and higher crafts, which came in with Buddhism, is changing if not fading away. The aristocracy of wealth—wealth quickly accumulated, often by men who do not represent the highest type of manhood—is beginning to assert itself. These are days of momentous changes in the social make-up of Japan. Kyoto, Osaka, the old and the new: would that the minds which guide the Empire had the wisdom to see that neither typifies the ideal. Perhaps they do see; time alone will tell.

CHAPTER XX

SHOPPING

THIS is not a topic for the masculine pen; shopping is exclusively a woman's art. In Yokohama I met a pale-faced, nervous young American who confided with a shudder that he had shipped home a ton of "stuff." "Setting up shop?" I enquired, though he did not have the merchant cut. "No, housekeeping. Just married. Wedding tour through the Orient. Six months. China, India, and now Japan. Porcelains mostly, and ivories, and gods—five gods and a temple drum. No home complete without a temple drum." "House picked out?" "Not yet. We decided to furnish one first and pick it out afterwards." "Your bride is—still living?" I started to say, for he looked depressed and I did not wish to seem indifferent; but the query was changed to one in regard to her health. "Oh, she's all right; out after silks, this morning, and pearls. She shops, I ship. Distribution of labor, you know; mutually agreeable. Quite. An unusual woman. I want you to meet her." She was unusual. A ton is extreme, even for a wedding tour financed by a millionaire

aunt, the aunt in the present case being purely conjectural, though the ton was probably authentic and the bride visibly extant the following morning at breakfast, a blue-eyed doll with rings on both hands. She looked good for another ton.

All travelers, men as well as women, shop more or less. Not to do so would brand one as eccentric if not penurious. What are tourists for? The merchant meets you halfway. In many of the larger hotels are wall cases displaying the wares of local firms—embroidered kimonos, scarfs, ivories, pearls, copies of rare prints, lacquer ware. At Nikko, Kyoto, Miyanoshita, and other places, there are show rooms with English speaking clerks in attendance where one may spend a fortune on his way from the dining-room to the office. A prominent corner of the finest Japanese hotel at Matsushima Bay is a fully equipped store, hard to resist. Particularly attractive are the whalebone novelties in dainty weaves of black, brown, and gray, forming scores of patterns—purses, cigarette cases, pocketbooks, sandals, canes, even baskets, jars, dust-pans, and rugs, all possibly from the Tokyo house over whose door is a sign reading WHALE AND ALL RELATING IT SOLD. There are shell goods in the form of necklaces, pins, brooches, baskets, dishes, and clever mosaics representing landscapes. The lacquered bowls and trays in black and red, and the lignite ware from Sendai are far more artistic; and of course one finds post cards,

perfumery, toothbrushes, chopsticks. The assortment is instructive, since presumably the stock has been chosen with native tourist trade in mind, comparatively few from other lands going to Matsushima. Nor is one entirely safe even when quartered in the small inn remote from well-traveled ways. At a moment when you least expect intrusion, a panel may slide noiselessly back and a crone creep toward you with a basket filled with wooden boxes and jewel cabinets, let us say, brightly waxed inlaid ware, which she silently spreads before you on the matting—things you do not want, yet you buy a trifle or two, partly that you may have time to study her wrinkled face and hands, and listen to her feeble voice and wonder what she was like in her girlhood days.

But purchasing goods at hotels is not, strictly speaking, shopping. Perhaps the same may be said of wandering through city streets with no intention of buying, yet lingering wherever a window attracts. It is very pleasant, however. Take Theatre Street in Kyoto, for example, a narrow, unpaved, sidewalkless thoroughfare, where rikishas are not allowed, the home of a dozen cheap theatres, scores of restaurants, and shops, shops, shops, packed closely together, with stalls where candy is made and sold, bananas hawked, and fried sweet potatoes served hot from the griddle. Apparently most of the stores cater to women, with their stocks of dress goods,

combs, hair ribbons, sashes, and whatever else is needed for personal adornment. But children are not forgotten. There are perhaps a score of toy shops, with dolls, mechanical ingenuities, and other playthings in great variety. There are jewelers' shops, book shops, music shops, shops for pipes, for umbrellas and canes, for caps, and shops upon shops upon shops for sandals and clogs. The banana man with his banter of customers and glowing eulogy of his fruit, which he tosses, a "hand" at a time, to his assistant, is a clever salesman. The candy-maker throws the ever stiffening strands of elastic sweetness over the peg with much adroitness. At the book-store window a strong-throated salesman holds his crowd well as he turns the pages of a pictorial of the late war with Russia, we suspect, explaining each illustration. Best of all is it to stop before a restaurant window and inventory the viands that find a ready sale, each a symphony of color. The Japanese cannot help it; everything must be artistic. What goes on at the little shop where eels form the standard dish will not be described save by special request. Such rapid metempsychosis! from tank to grill in the time it takes to open a single refractory oyster. And quite as interesting as the shops are the throngs moving slowly up and down this brilliantly lighted way, men, women, children. When *do* the babies sleep? At eleven at night they seem wide awake. It is a quiet crowd, and very noticeable is the fact

The ubiquitous shoe store.

The potter.

Some of the finest embroidery is done by men.

that the two sexes are seldom found in company, though occasionally a family group may be detected. Evidently in this nightly concourse the middle and poorer classes are represented chiefly, perhaps because working people are busy during the day.

Theatre Street is a permanent shopping place, active day and night throughout the year. The street bazaar is sporadic, though presumably it is obedient to some calendar unknown to the tourist. By day, a street may seem normally unattractive, as you pass through on your way to some distant point of interest. Returning after dark, you find a marvelous transformation. In front of the shops, where sidewalk curbs would be were there any sidewalks, stretch long lines of booths, counters, tables, stands, each with its burden of small wares. A complete inventory of all the articles revealed by light from lamps, lanterns, and torches, would reach from one end of the alphabet to the other and halfway back. Second-hand clothing, furniture, books, and tools may find a place among newer goods. All is cheap; it is poor man's market, likewise a children's delight, a promenade lane for maid and matron. In Japan, pleasure and shopping, pleasure and temple worship, as well as temple worship and shopping, all combine naturally. The joy of seeing things in the flare of torchlight, the joy of mingling with the multitude, is unusually strong, or so it seems to the stranger. It is a cheap, innocent form of entertainment.

The American does not buy much at street bazaars, though he may pick up here and there a trinket, which sometimes does not remain long in his possession; for the children in mothers' arms or strapped to caretakers' backs are mightily pleased with the merest trifle. A doll costs but a dime or two, and flags and trumpets are cheaper still. Candies and cakes, after one has reached a certain age, are best eaten by proxy. For serious shopping one goes to well-established business houses, which are commonly hidden away in unlikely places and have unpromising fronts. They are often factory and showroom combined, and most instructive is it to watch at close range the various stages of manufacture. I recall an hour spent in a Nagoya factory-shop for cloisonné and enamel ware, approached through a narrow passageway, though the trademark of the firm is known throughout Europe. The factory stands back of a little garden, the workshops on the ground floor, the showroom, a small affair, above. Here were displayed wares that might charm the eyes of a princess. After viewing marvels of form and color, some of which were valued at five hundred or one thousand dollars each, though many were relatively inexpensive, I ventured to ask the proprietor if he would not point out to me his finest piece. He hesitated, while my eye ran hastily through the brilliantly colored and elaborately patterned array, in an attempt to anticipate his

choice. At length, as if with a degree of reluctance, a fear that American gold might rob him of his best, he unlocked a cupboard and brought forth a carefully wrapped little box, a jewel case, very simple in design but perfect in workmanship. A careless eye might have valued it at a dollar; it was worth, this seeming trifle, two hundred. "It is your choicest?" "No," he admitted, "not the choicest," and this time he showed a little plate, undecorated. At a street bazaar it might have attracted no notice whatever among cheapest crockery; it looked, in the presence of the strikingly brilliant wares ranged about in wall cabinets, a beggar among kings and queens. "And what is its value?" It was not for sale. The artist who created it was dead, the secret of its glaze gone with him. A duplicate was impossible.

This reverence for skilled workmanship, on the part of one whose refinement made him loathe the more brilliant pieces designed to comply with the taste of tourists who too often estimate values by the pound, cubic foot, or brilliancy of color, one meets with over and over again. We Americans are not an art-loving people, and our corrupting influence is unmistakable. In a certain world-famed pottery, centuries old, there are three showrooms, in one, choice things, not necessarily expensive, for home trade; in a second, expensive wares not quite tawdry but in marked contrast to all found in the first room—these for the rich from abroad; in a third room,

monstrosities, all for export, such as are given away with house lots at land auctions or come to our rural towns with packages of soap and perfumery. Elsewhere mention is made of the probable fate of handicraft in view of the rapid multiplication of factories where little intelligence is required to tend soulless machines. If, lured by prospects of immeasurably larger returns, the artist employs his time in turning out rapidly, for foreign markets, what he knows to be rubbish, not only will his finer tools lose their edge, his hand and eye their cunning, but there will be a weakening of moral fiber. A skilled craftsman may not be a good man; one who deliberately turns out work that is below his best, is not a good man, and no longer is he a free man. Slavery takes many forms. But enough of preaching.

Although the older establishments, for example the famous silk houses in Kyoto, may have their offices on the street level and their salesrooms on the second floor, no attempt being made by means of show windows to attract passers-by, modern stores are growing yearly more numerous in many of the trade centers. There are many in Tokyo that are strikingly modern. While passing down the main business street, one day, my attention was caught by a brilliantly red balloon high up above the roofs, from which streamed a pennant inscribed with characters I could not read. Curiosity provoked investigation leading to the discovery that its slender

tether was attached to the roof of a silk store gay with flags, a bran-new three-storied structure of steel and concrete with plate glass fronts back of which were silks, brocades, and models of Japanese belles that suggested Fifth Avenue allurements. It was opening day. The sidewalk was crowded with hundreds waiting for the doors to be thrown back. In the afternoon I passed that way again, and entered, not to buy, but to observe.

There must have been thousands packed into the establishment and hundreds viewing the windows from the sidewalk. Sandals were left at the entrance; the women wore but white pattees. For my American shoes, brown canvas slipovers were provided by the attendants—after considerable search for a pair large enough. Most of the goods were piled on tables where all might feel. It is a mistake, my friend B. insists, to say that the only brain is above the shoulders; there are millions of little brains scattered through the body. The feminine shopper thinks most acutely through her finger tips. It goes without saying that there were remnant counters, well patronized. East is West and West is East, when it comes to bargain sales; human nature has nothing to do with political boundaries. There were departments where none but the rich should go. Preconceived notions that the simple Japanese costume was an inexpensive matter had already been dispelled at a Kyoto silk house, where the clerk, on

being asked how much it would cost to take back to America a really nice outfit, complete in every detail, good enough for any lady, set three hundred fifty yen as a reasonable minimum. Still it was a surprise to learn that a certain obi, ablaze with gold thread, would be delivered at my hotel only on payment of one hundred dollars. No, the sash was a separate item—and an obi won't stay on unless lashed into place with yards of silk. The sash settled it; I did not buy, and never once thought of asking for a sample. Although many of the obis were extremely rich, and the counters where dress goods for the young formed a dazzling exception, the composite color scheme of the merchandise as a whole, as bird's-eyed from a staircase eminence, seemed rather somber; there was a strange paucity of bright, ribbony miscellania such as one sees at home when sent to the store for a spool of silk, three yards of braid, and two of something else that must match precisely a sample you cannot find though you are sure it must be in one of your pockets. It is characteristic that linings are gayer than dress patterns. Characteristic too are the manners of the shoppers. For example, look. Two ladies, one with a babe strapped to her back—the Japanese go shopping almost as soon as born—are ecstatically engaged in tumbling about a pile of something or other that sells by the piece, when they suddenly discover that they are acquaintances. Immediately the something or other is forgotten in

bows most elaborate, one, two, three, accurately timed so as to dovetail perfectly. The character of Japanese women is most difficult to appraise, it is said, for my lady is natural only when in her home, and to the home the stranger is seldom invited. Undoubtedly; yet go to a silk store on an opening day and watch. Some things cannot be wholly concealed.

Although the small shop predominates everywhere in Japan as it did in our own country a century ago, the department store has made its appearance and now is found in most of the larger cities. It was inevitable, like chewing gum, the movies, and the five and ten cent emporiums. Before me as I write is an album of views picturing the Mitsukoshi store in Tokyo, the finest of them all. It shows a five-storied stone structure with well-lighted floors where the general arrangement differs little from what one finds in New York. There are near-onyx pillars, a rotunda with imposing stairways, parlors, a restaurant, an art gallery, a roof garden and observatory, elevators and an escalator, the usual overhead trolley system, and a telephone exchange. Except for the mats on the floor and the character of goods displayed in some departments, all is quite American. The orchestra—of course there is one—looks as though it were equal to ragtime upon request.

Many of the clerks speak English, but not all. In the fur department, for example, no one under-

stood my attempts to make known a fancied need until an elderly gentleman with English as faultless as his European clothes was sent for. Having politely explained that it would be quite impossible to make an overcoat in four days, and that Nikko or Yokohama would be a much better place for furs anyway, he volunteers to pilot me about the establishment, not, I am sure, with a thought of lightening my purse but in a spirit of hospitality tinged with pride in his house. The clerk is in the background, the gentleman to the fore; I am his honored guest. He has been in America, it seems, knows New England cities and New York very well, is acquainted with American publishers, for whom he has done several books, and puts me to shame by his intimate knowledge of art museums near my own home. Art is his specialty. At a word of praise concerning the exquisite taste of the Japanese in the matter of color combination, his eye brightens, and we wander about admiring this and that bit of feminine finery, even the costumes of some of the shoppers—that girl with brown and black scarf next a cheek the more beautiful, and her mother, with steel gray edging to her dark kimono. Happening to mention my misfortune in missing two important exhibitions, I am conducted to an upper floor where works by prominent living artists are on view, kakemonos showing much of the delicacy and swift suggestiveness of the older native art, and paintings after the present day Euro-

pean schools, some of them weakly imitative, even clumsy in drawing, yet all interesting in color. The kakemonos were hung in model Japanese rooms, fully furnished, to show harmony of shades.

Finally we entered the restaurant, where tea and pudding were served, while the host talked with becoming pride of the great establishment and its long history. Way back to 1673 must we go for its humble beginning. Ever since that year there has been a store on that identical spot, always managed and owned by the same family. Ten years ago a stock company was formed, but such shares as were not retained by members of the family were sold to old employees. The album of views previously mentioned, no cheap affair, was presented at the door upon leaving, and my courteous friend promised to send, as soon as it came from the press, a historical sketch of the establishment that he had recently prepared. My purchases were neatly done up not in brown paper tied with string but in a handsome furoshiki or square of cotton. In Japan, one should not carry paper-wrapped parcels in the street. No gentleman nor lady does.

But shopping, let it be repeated, is not a masculine theme; I write in perfunctory manner. No man could do justice to many a shop in Tokyo and elsewhere, to the wares of Nikko and Dogo, to that wonderful pottery lane that climbs a temple hill in Kyoto, to the nursery at Yokohama, to the print

shops that put to shame our best efforts at color reproduction. The young husband was right, women should shop and men should ship. It is the only satisfactory arrangement. There is, however, a pertinent matter which mere man may touch upon. The clerk from whom I purchased a culture-pearl brooch handed me two receipted bills of sale. They were not identical. The one showing the smaller amount was for the customs inspector. It was done as if a matter of course. Who is to blame for this shady practice? A bit of choice old lacquer, momentarily coveted in Nikko, was valued at forty yen on Tuesday. Wednesday morning it had dropped to thirty-five, and by noon to thirty. In the evening a clerk appeared at the hotel. The season had been a poor one; twenty-five yen would be accepted. Possibly an offer of twenty would have fetched it, but suspicion that the trifle could not be a genuine antique would not down. In many places one suspects that prices depend somewhat on the customer's nationality.

But not everywhere. One price for all is becoming the rule with the better houses. Even as I write, I receive a striking proof that business integrity may be becoming the rule. A vase purchased in Kyoto at the Kinkozan pottery was lost by the express company through which it was shipped to my hotel in Yokohama and was not found till after the steamer sailed for Vancouver.

The pottery, communicated with by telephone, immediately agreed to forward the vase free of charge as soon as it was found. In time it came. But the duty charges were considerable; had I brought the vase with me, there would have been none. I could not resist the temptation to write the firm about it, though with little hope of reimbursement. But a money order covering duty charges has just arrived, accompanied by a polite letter. What more could the most honorable of American firms have done? At the Kinkozan pottery, it should be added, but one bill of sale is given the purchaser.

Shoppers laying in a stock of little gifts for the many friends back home should exercise care in regard to how articles are encased. There comes to mind a pair of chopsticks and a pipe reposing in boxes identical in appearance. The chopsticks were for a lady and the pipe for a gentleman. The lady, it seems, got the pipe, though I am positive—. But this is a personal matter in which, presumably, the reading public would take no interest. Possibly, by way of postscript, a warning note should be sounded in regard to being swept off one's feet by enthusiasm for the superior artistic qualities of all Japanese articles exposed for sale. One may rave a week and a day over a pair of felt slippers daintily encased in a box such as none but an Oriental could invent, then receive a sudden jolt upon discovering the hidden

trade mark of a firm in California. Embroideries which make the tourists in Yokohama shops sigh, and lament that grossly commercial America is so hopelessly boorish in all matters pertaining to art, are sometimes designed in New York City.

Opening day at a modern silk store.

The Mitsukoshi department store.

The plowman homeward wends—and takes his plow with him.

CHAPTER XXI

APPRAISALS FIRST AND SECOND HAND

ALL Japanese are Japanese; there are no hyphens. But all Japanese are not alike. The unifying forces of ages have not been sufficiently strong to conceal the fact that the early waves of invasion and conquest brought to the islands tribes differing in physical and mental characteristics. The long continued feudal system, favoring the elect at the expense of the masses, has had a tendency to widen the range between the highest and lowest. Between the crowd that gathers so quickly in a Tokyo slum and the young men of the Imperial University is a chasm wider and deeper than any known in our democratic land of equal opportunity. The fisherman's hut and the Kamakura villa are centuries apart.

In a sense all Japanese are un-Japanese. Their religions, arts, crafts, political institutions are largely second-hand, imported from other nations. For two centuries and more, it is true, the gates were locked to the rest of the world. While other countries forged ahead, Japan nationalized, assimilating what Asia had so abundantly given. But when in 1868

the gates were forced, Western ideas rushed in bringing a new civilization antagonistic to much of the old and the conflict is not yet ended. Ideas quickly adopted by the more intelligent are filtering through very slowly to the lower strata. Hence Japan today is, according to where the probe is inserted, a very old nation or a very young nation with the attractive qualities of youth and some of the less agreeable. She is a baffling compound of East and West. Primitive plows turn up the fields on the outskirts of cities whose factories are equipped with the best of modern machinery. Bedragoned lanterns hang in her temples, electricity lights her streets. A parliament administers the nation's affairs, yet her party government is more than tinged by feudalism. Leaving a banquet hall where you have dined in European manner, mingled with cultured, English speaking Japanese men and women, and listened to a literary program truly Bostonian, on the way back to your hotel the rikisha passes more than one native teahouse through whose glowing panels come the plaintive thrummings of tamiesens, the laughter of geisha girls, and the maudlin voices of men who should be at home with their wives.

How can anyone appraise an "old and haughty nation proud in arms" imperfectly rejuvenated by a magic kiss rudely bestowed, a sprightly youth with ugly wrinkles, impulsive yet conservative, likable,

repellent. The tourist of a few months is blinded by prejudice or by the glamor of things quaint; the old resident too often falls under the spell of Oriental enchantment, his "native home forgot" though he may not "wallow in a sensual sty." Not with a view to reaching conclusions of value but mainly as a study in optics, I will set down at random opinions by a baker's dozen, as I find them recorded in my notebook. The quotation marks are honest but do not indicate verbatim reports.

The business man, thick skinned but shrewd: "Greatly overestimated, sir, by themselves and the rest of the world. Educate a Jap and you spoil him—make him a trickster. They're cutting in some, commercially; with an out-and-out laboring class, mighty good workers and content with the lowest wages, they can outbid us in some things, but it won't last long. A nation to be feared? Bosh! They know how to fight, but it would take billions of capital to do anything big; they're too poor. I don't like 'em—never did."

The art student: "From the peasant up, they are the finest people I have ever met. Why can't the missionaries let them alone! I hate missionaries—and American tourists." (The interview was brief and closed abruptly.)

The young Englishman, representative of a British concern; ten years out: "Japanese women are close to perfect. The men are less attractive, and you must

be jolly careful in all business transactions. They lack business sagacity; they can't see ahead. The war brought the chance of a century, but the manufacturer is likely to spoil it all. He wants big profits, a fortune in a year, even if he ruin his reputation. First consignments are always well up to the samples, the second will be off-grade, the third shipment worse still. But the longer I stay the better I like the country and the people. Homesick? I'm over that. We all think, when we first come out, that it's just a lark—three years or five at most. But if we return home, we find friends scattered and the girls married; it is not a simple matter to start over. So back we drift and make the best of it. Oh, the Japanese are not so bad, especially the women—most unselfish creatures in the world." (A fine fellow who, doubtless, once dreamed of his "sweet Alice," but now, possibly, has made what is politely termed "social connections." They come out so young, these lads from English homes.)

The evangelist of the better type, an old resident: "The Japanese are a likable people and improve on acquaintance. Their virtues are courtesy, honesty as opposed to light-fingered thievery, indifference as to wealth (though this may be changing), respect for learning, filial respect, and ability to bear affliction with a smile. They are not always truthful, are loose in business affairs (probably due to inexperience; the merchant class formerly had no social standing

whatever), they are improvident, and they easily become inflated. They seem to lack the independence and staying qualities necessary for big undertakings. Capitalists will not venture unless backed by government support. Why do the Japanese dislike Americans? At heart they admire their quick minds and their enterprise. Sharp business practice and the manners of tourists irritate them. The extravagance of American women, and the attention they receive in public from the men, is most distasteful to a people who place women on a lower level. Of course California's legislation is a blow that they can hardly endure. They are a proud race and do not relish being classed as inferiors."

The elderly American, not a missionary: "It is hard to get beneath the surface, but probably the Japanese average up about like the rest of us. Some are quick and shrewd, but some of them are mentally slow; the range in intelligence is remarkably wide. First impressions are apt to be too favorable. The Japanese are skillful in the art of steering the tourist along pleasant ways. They are anxious that you think well of their country."

The exporter, a life-long resident: "Merchants are so anxious for business that they accept more orders than they can fill and do not think delay important. Goods promised six months ago are still undelivered. If cost of labor or raw materials rises, contracts are not kept; to the Japanese mind it seems unreasonable

that they should be. Another distressing feature is due to the fact that piece-work is done not in one big factory but in many homes, with the result that uniformity in workmanship is impossible. I suppose it is true, as is sometimes stated, that in the manufacture of war materials great difficulty is experienced in getting good help. The Japanese are very clever at doing what they are accustomed to do; but complicated machinery is new to them, and often it is next to impossible to get men intelligent enough to do things well.—There is much petty grafting on the part of servants, middlemen, and guides, secret commissions which in Oriental eyes are perfectly honorable.—Social immorality, partly because legalized and under government control, partly because the Oriental code of morals differs in such matters from ours, is much more respectable than in America; it is less coarse and degrading. The women who cater to Europeans in port towns, however, sometimes reach the lowest depths of depravity."

The young university graduate, a bookish fellow: "Russian, Italian, and Scandinavian books are read in translation, English and German more and more in the original. Browning is too difficult for college men; they prefer Scott. Byron has been immensely popular. Yes, Conrad, Masefield, and other contemporaries are read too. The New York *Times*, which reaches us earlier than the English journals, I admire greatly, but the American press generally is

The "dogs" in front of Shinto shrines drive away demons.

A Buddhist priest.

too sensational and provincial. Japanese students work hard, often breaking down when they elect German in addition to English."

The ideal missionary, a perfect gentleman without any manners, respected by the Government: "The development of the Government educational system has made it necessary for mission schools to improve in order to compete. Government schools are, many of them, better equipped, and in some cases have more skillful teachers. There is a great need for young men and women who are not only gifted teachers but willing to sacrifice their lives to their work. We still have an advantage over the larger public schools through our opportunity to exert our influence socially. Girls here are similar to girls at home, though perhaps more clannish, given to jealousy, probably due to the surviving influence of the old feudal system with its undercurrent of intrigue. It is unfortunate that at a critical period in the nation's development there should come so strong a temptation to push ahead along military and commercial lines instead of centering energy on internal improvements. She can hardly be blamed for following the lead of other nations. But there is little danger of war; there are too many thinkers, especially among business men who wish no change that would interfere with present abnormally large profits.—The Japanese suffer from too lavish praise. The better heads realize this."

The statesman: "Yes, my country is beautiful; I am glad that you like it. But all is on a small scale, so different from your great country. We are a peace-loving people. The peasant class, in which you seem especially interested, is notably peace-loving, very frugal, and happy. Education may bring a measure of discontent, but discontent is a wholesome sign of progress. We are a peace-loving people." (Other topics were touched upon, but the peace-loving refrain continued dominant.)

The native professor in a technical college: "I question the wisdom of higher education for women. They are progressing too rapidly and are losing their unselfish ways and gentle manners. For some years our native literature, following European models, has been too sexy; but at present there is reaction, a turning back to our older masterpieces."

The hard-working missionary, with something of the statesman in his make-up: "From year to year I note a steady advance and am far from disheartened. Missionaries can accomplish little except through native workers. An independent native church is surely being established. Education rather than evangelistic preaching is still our strongest force. Our graduates serve as examples, and there are many earnest Christians among them. Japan's greatest needs today are economic. She is too poor to carry out plans for much needed improvements. Taxes are very heavy. The social evil is still a great one.

While it is encouraging to note that in our city the men no longer go openly to the restricted quarters but in closed rikishas, the younger generation is causing much anxiety. The evil is by no means confined to licensed quarters; teahouses and restaurants are sometimes quite as bad. It is one of our greatest problems."

The Massachusetts lady: "I give it up. When X (a Japanese student) first came to live with us, he was frank, courteous, pleasant to chat with. Six months later, though he was still a model of courtesy, a certain reserve was noticeable; we seemed to be getting unacquainted. Today he is an enigma. I never know what is passing through his mind. We are practically strangers. Uncanny!"

What the Catholic priest said, and the guides, and the hotel keeper, and the "lady from Philadelphia," and a score of others need not be recorded; it is already obvious that, however many witnesses might be called, the only verdict renderable would remain simply this: No two pairs of eyes see alike. If I add a bit of personal testimony, passing in review what has been asserted hundreds of times, let it be with the frank admission that I have many prejudices so old that I am very fond of them, and that, like other tourists, I was caught by the glamour of things—meant to be caught. Close analysis is distasteful to me; disillusion is too often painful.

The Japanese are an industrious, frugal people.

What has been asserted so often must be true. I think it is, but with reservations. The lower classes—day laborers, factory hands, peasants, artisans generally—seem more than merely industrious. With noticeably swift hands they toil from daybreak till dark, and some of them late into the night. Even the young are surprisingly industrious and capable. For example, in a country workshop near Lake Biwa, where mantles are embroidered for a Yokohama silk house, I found among the older workmen lads from twelve to sixteen making their needles fairly fly, doing chrysanthemums and golden dragony things with skill almost miraculous, it seemed to one who, when in camp, considers the mere sewing on of a button a full morning's task. It was typical of what is found throughout Japan. Yet extreme industry is not universal. The leisure class may be small, but it exists. In the streets of the larger cities there are side currents which move slowly. Women eddy about doorways or drift along. Parks are well patronized, the temple grounds thronged on festival days, the theatres are full. Clerks generally move slowly. It took four of them half an hour to settle a little matter connected with a batch of films left at a leading photography shop. Government officials do not seem nervously unstrung with overwork. The rapidly increasing army of educated young men contains at least a few who are averse to menial toil. The well-to-do and the moderately-well-to-do are not

wearing themselves out in a mad rush for wealth; they live as they go along. Teahouses are prosperous and geisha girls by the thousands are found in every large city. The nobility, presumably, are like the nobility in other lands. It would seem fairer, then, to say that, largely through necessity, the lower classes are too industrious, but on the higher levels the conditions are similar to what is found in other lands. Leisure is especially sweet to the Oriental; he is fond of pleasure and takes all he can get.

As to frugality, the food, clothing, and houses of the common people are simple, their pleasures for the most part inexpensive. Virtue is sometimes a necessity. A lavish display of wealth finds little favor with any class. But still there is need of slight reservation. The merchant's home has a plain exterior, but it may have a paradisical garden in back. He sits on a plain cushion, price one yen,—and gazes at a vase or a kakemono that may have cost a thousand. If he can afford it, his wife and daughters have ceremonial gowns. He entertains friends at the teahouse and goes to the theatre. As prosperity comes to Japan, and money becomes freer, extravagance creeps in, and the example set by the rich is followed by the poor. Frugality may be the rule today, but not providence. They plunge at times, seize the joy of the moment reckless of cost, and when ecstatic delirium passes, they do not repent but bear consequent discomfort philosophically. The year is

packed with holidays and festivals; long excursions are popular. They are frugal and also prodigal, or so it seems.

The Japanese are courteous. Intercourse with nations less polite has had its corrupting influence, still their good manners are justly proverbial. The stranger is everywhere a guest of honor. Repeatedly I have been surprised by acts of kindness prompted by no possible hope of reward. The peasant is polite, the hotel maid, the government official, the clerk, the marquis. Everywhere there is respect for superiors, and I have marveled more than once at the courtesy shown by guides to the lowest menial. It is the foreigner who stares and not the native. Men bow and bow, then do it over again, when they meet. But let us carp a bit. I once asked a guide what would have happened had the Titanic been a Japanese ship. "Men first," was his prompt reply. There are unmistakable signs of masculine selfishness. In public places the women do not receive the consideration which is a matter of course in other lands. Womanhood is not respected. I have never chanced to see rowdyism in the streets, but what is the meaning of this strange sentence in a letter from Tokyo, just handed me by the postman? "Cherry time will soon be here, and were it not for the terrible drunken crowds it would be a wonderful chance to have beauty," etc., etc. Drunken crowds! It brings to mind distressing accounts of worse than bacchanalian

A village street.

This old pine with fantastically twisted trunk and bright new foliage symbolizes Japan.

This is all one tree, or as much of it as the lens could cover. To Japanese eyes props are not unsightly. See what you should, not all that you can.

revels in connection with temple festivals, and of the Emperor's chrysanthemum parties where champagne or its Eastern equivalent flows too freely. "We Japanese," a young fellow once told me, "lose our good manners when we get together in crowds." Finally, the courtesy of the Oriental is in part mere ceremony, a cumbersome outer garment the cut of which is centuries old, a cloak, sometimes, for that which may not be genuine. The blunt American, probably the least polite person on earth, though we hope he is a good fellow at heart, scorns the artificial. Etiquette distresses him. Still it is probably true that he would profit by a lesson from his Eastern neighbor—when this neighbor is at his best.

They are an art-loving, nature-loving people. Few things are more obvious. They are an out-of-door race with a passion for roaming afield, nature worshipers. The chirp of a cricket brings them more acute pleasure than most of us receive from listening to Paderewsky. They are forever building shrines on mountain sides and in forest glades. Their gardens are faithful miniatures of favorite landscapes. And they are artistic. Flower arrangement has its laws, tea-drinking is made ceremonial. Their taste in matters of dress is refined. How many scores of books have been written in praise of the Japanese artistic temperament, and nearly every word probably true. But let us be reasonable. The picture postals found in Japan are among the trashiest ever

produced, and they sell by the millions. The souvenirs displayed near famous temples are not artistic trifles. There is an element of playfulness, perhaps childishness, in much that one sees. The Japanese are fond of the grotesque, making baskets out of gnarled roots, twisting the trunks of trees into unusual shapes, carving mythical animals on canes, fashioning saints out of grains of rice. The dogs guarding Shinto shrines are impossible things, most of the gods are repellent. On old temple screens one frequently notes a delicacy, a restraint, a quick suggestiveness, or unexpected realism that holds one spellbound; but there are the other extremes. Even the peasant women are attractively clothed; but the obi when covered by a cloak suggests deformity. Although there is fascination in the scuffing, mincing gait made necessary by street clogs, the swift, rhythmical swing of the Jamaican peasant as she takes the road for market with a fifty pound burden on her head "has it beat a mile"—or more. In short, we may admire much, realize that much is too fine for coarse, untrained eyes to appreciate. Undoubtedly the Japanese taste is conspicuously superior to American; yet let us decline to "rave." Cleverness, ingenuity, often wonderful technique, delicacy—up the ladder of praise we may mount, but the topmost round stops short of greatness. Something of divine fire is willingly conceded, but it is unnecessary to overlook fantastic fireworks.

They are intensely patriotic. Undoubtedly. They love every inch of their native soil. They worship their ancestors, build monuments and temples to honor their national heroes. They are inordinately proud of all that their little country has accomplished. The army and the navy are almost worshiped. Dying in battle comes easy to them, though life is sweet. The Mikado is respected, reverenced by the lower classes, though the more intelligent realize perfectly that he is not his father's equal. But even here where so much may be honestly lauded, there is a less attractive reverse side. Owing to factions, petty jealousy, intrigue, party government is not a success. The power is in the hands of a few; the common people have little voice, indeed relatively few have the franchise, and the great masses do not bother their heads about politics. Those who shape state policy are not above patronage favoring the rich or those who are near akin, at the expense of the poor. They are ambitious for their little country, mean to control the Pacific commercially, be a second England; but to accomplish this end factory wages are kept too near the starvation line, the scale of living too low for safety. They mean to have more territory. It is needed; population is too dense. In due time the territory will be taken; but in preparation for that time the army and the navy are being built up to an ever finer point of efficiency through diverting funds which should be expended for education and

internal improvements. The scheme for national aggrandisement may be justifiable, but in carrying it forward there is little doubt but that the common people, too weak, too ignorant, too blind for protest, are being exploited.

They are a crafty, treacherous race. How often this accusation is heard. The Oriental mind is hard to read. We do not understand its workings. Japanese logic, Japanese ideas of honesty and justice, differ from ours. It is one thing to abolish feudalism by royal decree; it is another thing to eradicate traits fostered by feudal institutions. Revenge, carefully prepared for during years of patient suffering, is still a favorite theme in popular drama. Deception in a worthy cause is considered honorable, if we may judge by the tenor of many an ancient tale. Undoubtedly they are a people trained to bide their time in silence, then strike. But I have, somehow, the idea that if no bolt descends from the blue to interrupt the development of the race, the next generation will see a change for the better. Business, with all its possible degrading influences, makes for honesty. Without a reputation for sterling integrity, commerce languishes. This is a truth that the Japanese are learning. International relationships, too, are wholesome, and Japan, now a world power, must see that straight-forward dealings are good diplomacy. Her statesmen are shrewd and well educated, too wise to break faith. Probably the

greatest desire of Japan today is to stand well in the eyes of other nations. And in this connection it is easy to account for a certain coolness or reserve, at times amounting almost to sullenness, so often noted by travelers. The Japanese are extremely sensitive. They look down upon China, their old teacher, and do not like to hear her praised. They enjoy speaking of "England, our ally." For all America has done since 1868, there is gratitude; but a point has been reached where advice is no longer relished. The more intelligent realize that the religion of their fathers is in many ways worn out, ready to take its place in the ranks of mythology, but missionary aggressiveness is sometimes galling. The superior airs of tourists irritate; they do not like our habit of bragging. They are sensitive about their color, though it is in no way objectionable. When relations with Germany were broken off, they were cut to the quick by the headlines of the Berlin press—"What, those slit-eyes!" They are sensitive in regard to stature, though the rest of the world deeply admires their bravery and endurance on the battlefield. A little too prone to forget how much she has appropriated from others, she feels that she is already one of the great nations, not to be lectured nor patronized.

Entertaining, sometimes amusing, and always more or less nettling are appraisals of America by wits from abroad who tarry with us a few months,

then rush home, their manuscripts ready for the printer before land has been sighted. Understand us perfectly after a nodding acquaintance? Nonsense! We don't understand ourselves. Nobody does, nor can. National traits? We haven't any; we're just a little of everything from Pole to Politician. Character is the one thing we haven't time for. No, you can't tell from the smell of the steam that rattles the lid what will be our flavor and nourishing qualities when the ragout is done. But no hard feelings, sir, none whatever. Come over again. Kindest regards, please, to his Majesty. How's business?

Thus we pass it off. In this respect the Japanese are unlike us. Still, I hope I have not given serious offense.

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